



BEGINNING

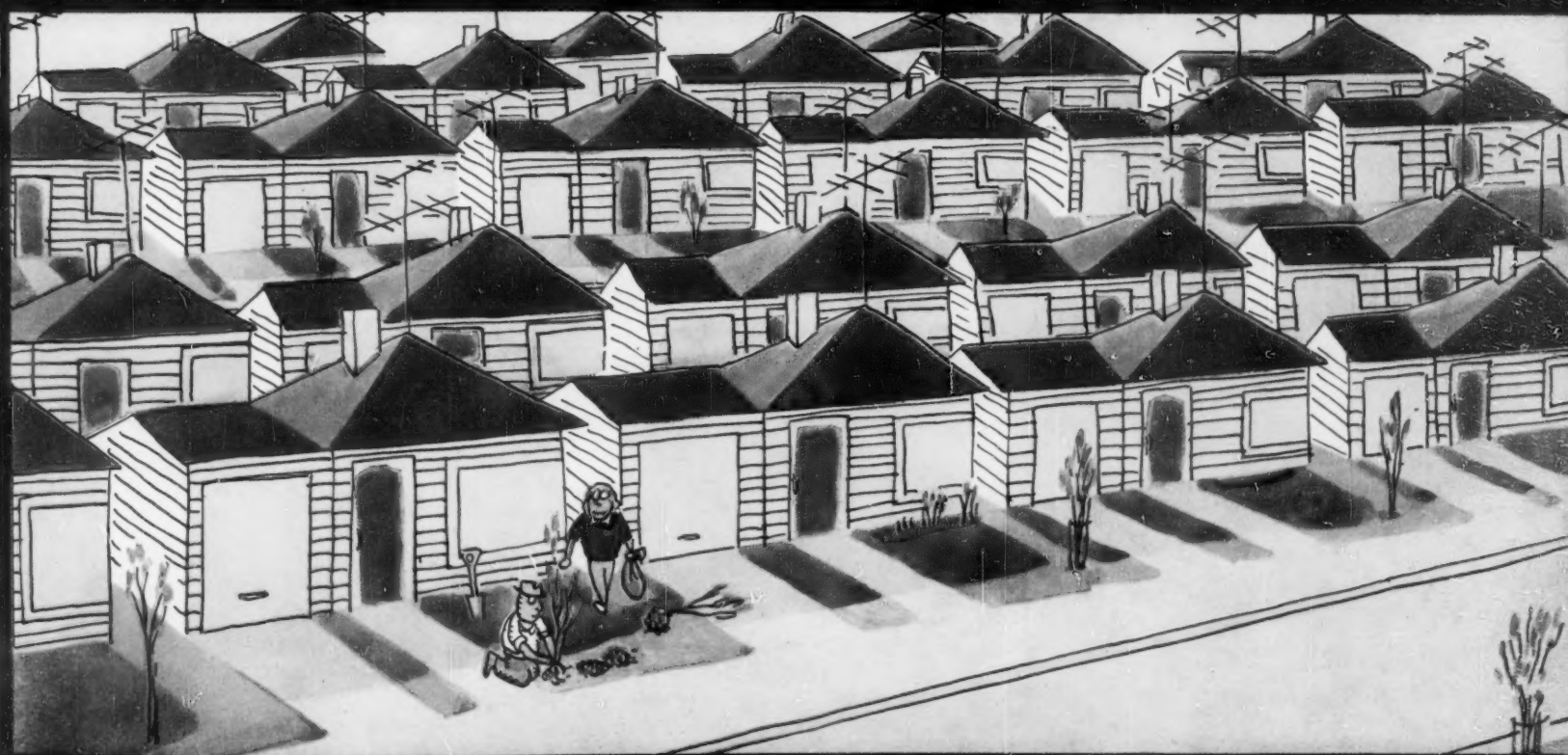
Johnny Longden's own story

SUMMER CAMPS
and your child

MACLEAN'S

COVER BY PETER WHALLEY

MAY 24 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





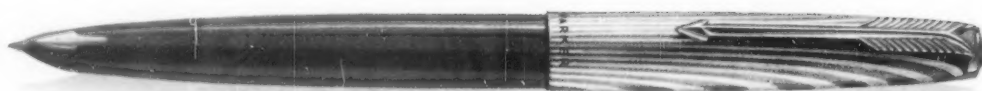
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The lady is watching something revolutionary happen — her unique new Parker 61 literally drinking up ink all by itself by capillary "suction." She has simply removed the barrel cover and set the pen in the ink upside down.

In just 10 seconds the pen is full. Now she'll lift the Parker 61 from the ink. No wiping needed because ink can't cling to this special barrel surface. This totally new filling method is just one among many wonders of the Parker 61. It's virtually shockproof. Has no moving parts to get out of order. Writes cleanly, clearly, smoothly even when held point up, or when high in an airliner. You'll like the classic beauty of the Parker 61, the distinctive colors, the gleaming caps of precious metals. The Parker 61 Capillary Pen is \$22.50* or more.

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Parker 61

Capillary Pen

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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Is Ottawa bankrolling obsolete office buildings?
- ✓ Hit writer Hailey shoots for bigger jackpots

ARE WE SPENDING MILLIONS building already obsolete and/or inadequate office buildings for government departments? The new \$6½-million Trade and Commerce building in Ottawa, to be completed in October, will be ten years old the day it opens—plans were completed in 1949. With the new Veterans Affairs building, it was first planned in 1932 as a monument to World War I dead. There is no air-conditioning (few government buildings have it). In Veterans Affairs doctors complain soundproofing is so bad they can't tell whether it's their own phone ringing or the one in the next office. With the same walls in Trade and Commerce extra soundproofing will be necessary.



Monty

BRITAIN'S MOST WASPISH MILITARY GIANT, Field Marshal Montgomery, won't disappoint those looking for explosions from his autobiography to be published next fall. According to publisher's proofs, it promises to be as controversial as the author. Monty, on a Canadian visit to ex-army friend Col. Trumbull Warren in Hamilton, may tie in with the release of his book in Canada by William Collins Sons by doing a TV appearance.

UNDERWATER TV will be used to help keep traffic moving on the St. Lawrence Seaway. In the event of trouble in lock gates, retaining walls or even ship sinkings, engineers on the job will simply lower a camera, instead of waiting for divers, to determine the extent and nature of damage. Another use for the camera—adapted by the National Research Council—will be to serve as underseas scout for fishermen.

THE PRIZED ARCTIC CHAR, a well-known but little-tasted delicacy in most of Canada, is going to start muscling into gourmet circles once sacred to Lake Winnipeg goldeye and Restigouche salmon. A first shipment of 13,000 pounds, caught by Eskimos at Frobisher Bay, will be flown this summer to the Montreal market. Northern Affairs, hoping to foster a new Eskimo industry, is also experimenting with smoked Arctic char to match the lure of the goldeye.



Hailey

AFTER MAKING A FORTUNE (estimate: \$150,000) writing TV cliff-hangers as a sideline, **Arthur Hailey's** decided there's a future in it. He's giving up his Toronto advertising business and will write full time. New projects: a stage play for New York's Theatre Guild; a TV play on Scotland Yard for Playhouse 90; a 90-minute CBC play in the Bank of Canada's First Performance series. After doing Scotland Yard in England he'll go to Hollywood to write a film series based on the life of a lawyer (probable star: Montreal's William Shatner).

WILL SASKATCHEWAN BE THE NEXT COCKTAIL PROVINCE? Betting is going both ways. It has been beer-parlors-for-men-only since 1934. A committee of ten MLAs is now holding hearings to decide if the people want liquor laws changed. Significant statistics: 1. "For every one request we get to change the laws," says provincial treasurer C. M. Fines, "there are 100 to leave things alone." 2. Chiefs of police of five cities want the laws changed. 3. Three of the ten probers are teetotalers, but so is Premier T. C. Douglas, who says: "I have no more right to stop another man drinking than he has to force me to drink."

A MADE-IN-CANADA CAR that will go almost anywhere except straight up could make Jacks-of-all-travel of Canadian soldiers. Designed by National Research Council for the army, it's an improvement on the DUKW—travels on land, water, ice or in deep snow. It will be used on the St. Lawrence in winter to recover unexploded shells from the ice off Nicolet, an army testing station. The army has only one now but is expected to order more. Clue for envious duck hunters: it has a plywood hull around a Volkswagen frame.

NEW SHOWS FOR TV

WILL SUMMER-FALL LINE-UP
KEEP CBC'S STARS AT HOME?



HAMILTON

Can CBC hold her? ex-CBC executive Stuart Griffiths of Britain's Granada network who offered Atlantic passage to nearly a score of CBC's stars. Griffiths' hole card was a CBC weakness he'd long been aware of: the network seldom can sign artists until it knows what U.S. networks are planning; sponsors insist on looking at U.S. schedules before committing themselves to time and money. This means Canadian performers don't know all summer whether they'll work in the fall.

"Let me take you away from all this," Griffiths suggested to comics Paul Kligman, Barbara Hamilton and Jack Duffy, singers Lorraine Foreman and Shane Rimmer and a dozen others. A

few may go, but the following CBC plans for summer and fall are expected to keep most at home:

✓ CBC will break into daytime programming by fall with a half-hour variety show 3.30 to 4 p.m. (Eastern Time). Possible emcee is Alex Barris, and there'll be work for singers, dancers and comics. Movies and soap operas will open the afternoon further.

✓ An ambitious musical, with Shane Rimmer and Don Wright chorus, will replace Front Page Challenge for the summer. Rimmer will do a limited Around the World in 80 Days, being filmed in U.S. and European locations.

✓ The man who got popular Front Page Challenge afloat, producer Harvey Hart, will launch another parlor game this summer. This time the panel tries to identify objects belonging to famous people. The show could go through winter.

✓ A 90-minute spectacular, Achievement '58, is planned for fall—interviews with the year's most newsworthy Canadians, from the PM to Paul Anka.

✓ Footnote for Rawhide fans: he'll end his Maritimes exile as a TV network replacement for Holiday Ranch this summer.—BARBARA MOON

CHINA TRADE OUTLOOK High cost of U. S. ban

HOW MUCH will Canada lose in trade with Red China because of American control in Canadian business and the U.S. embargo on trade with China? The answer so far this year is between two and three million dollars as a result of Ford of Canada's refusal to consider a Chinese offer for 1,000 cars. But the figure is sure to go much higher.

U.S. firms in the fertilizer, wood pulp, chemical and many other fields are also forbidding Canadian subsidiaries to sell to the Reds. Under the U.S. Trading with the Enemy Act they have no choice; they're responsible for violations of the act by subsidiaries anywhere.

Most of China's \$3-billion-a-year trade is with the Communist bloc, but she spends about \$450 million a year

with the West. This year Canada won't sell China much more than \$2 million. (In 1947, before the Reds took over, our trade totaled \$35 million.)

U.S. law cannot stop Canadian firms selling non-strategic goods to China. But Chinese aren't looking for consumer goods. According to our trade commissioner in Hong Kong, C. M. Forsyth-Smith, they want zinc, aluminum and chemicals—products in which the U.S. has a heavy stake in Canada.

Meanwhile, Canada is buying \$6 million a year from China—we take half their walnut exports and tons of peanuts. This trade imbalance will likely grow. A Toronto firm is negotiating with China for cotton fabrics. The Reds also want to sell us textile machinery and sporting goods.—PETER C. NEWMAN

FERGUSON'S NEW CAR Unveiling in October?

LONDON
NEXT OCTOBER Britons expect to get their first inside look at one of the automotive era's best-kept secrets—a secret they've been told may lead the country to the top of the world car industry. After a year of delay and mystery the Ferguson car—built by tractor king Harry Ferguson on "an entirely new motoring principle"—is now due to be unveiled at the fall British Motor Show.

Few new car developments have ever been followed by so much speculative ballyhoo and hushed expectancy or kept so tightly under wraps so long. The unveiling was first expected at last fall's Motor Show, but that fell through when Standard Motor Company, which will manufacture the car, failed to come to terms with Massey-Harris-Ferguson, its chief shareholder, on a

proposed merger. Now Standard is spending \$8 million on expansion, lending support to the belief the Ferguson car is about ready for production.

What will it look like? A small and svelte Italian car, according to most guesses. Italian designers are working on body plans. In tests the car has been camouflaged; no one has seen the actual model except top executives.

How will it work? There are no gears, no clutch and few of the standard mechanical features of today's standard cars. All four wheels, each with independent suspension, provide power.

Who'll sell it? Standard will both manufacture and sell it in England and is said to be negotiating a merger with Chrysler. If that comes off Chrysler would make and sell the car in the U.S. and Canada.

← **Ferguson himself** has said nothing publicly about his car for 18 months. "It's the lull before the storm," a friend told Maclean's. "The closer his plans are to fruition the quieter Harry becomes."—MARJORIE EARL



BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

Can the Liberals muster enough snipers?



I CAN THINK of no explanation, except insufficient sleep on election night, for a strange error of fact in this column two issues ago—the statement that Hazen Argue, the CCFer of Assiniboia, Sask., was “the one opposition member from anywhere west of Ontario.” I knew perfectly well, though the knowledge unaccountably failed to register, that four of the eight survivors in the CCF parliamentary group come from British Columbia — Bert Herridge of Kootenay West, Frank Howard of Skeena, Harold Winch and Erhart Regier from the Vancouver area.

Perhaps one reason for the blind spot was the sudden change in the CCF. Under the leadership of a moderate like M. J. Coldwell the CCF often seemed to be a left wing of the Liberals in Canada—there are no deep or violent differences of opinion between Coldwell and his good friend L. B. Pearson. The new CCF, in parliament at least, is quite different. Not only has it been cut to a third of its old strength, it has also been converted by the same fell stroke into a socialist labor party.

Argue is the only farmer in the octet. Bert Herridge calls himself a “forest farmer,” but he has no special interest in agriculture or even lumbering—he is in fact a natural-born heretic, who for ten years was vice-president of the B.C. Liberal Association, and whose wit has won him the privileges and immunities of jester in the House of Commons. The other six are labor men: four members or organizers of labor unions, two schoolteachers whose background and political support are in the labor movement. In the main they are sterner and more doctrinaire socialists than the prairie farmers who dominated the CCF caucus in previous parliaments.

So far, it looks as if the prairie group is still running the party. The three Ontario members are all newcomers, and so is one of the quartet from B.C., Frank Howard. It was Hazen Argue and not Harold Winch who was chosen House leader of the CCF.

But in politics the men who were defeated seldom maintain for long any effective control over the men who were elected. There is evidence that the new complexion of the parliamentary group is no mere accident, but the reflection of a real shift in voting strength. The Gallup Poll's breakdown of its own election survey showed that labor gave the CCF twice as much support as did any other occupational group. So the Liberals who welcomed Hazen Argue's election as House leader, on the ground that they could co-operate with him as they couldn't with Winch or Regier, may find as the session progresses that their satisfaction is premature.

Even with maximum co-operation

from the CCF the Liberals would face a serious manpower problem. If they let Hazen Argue function as agriculture critic for the whole opposition, they will still have trouble covering all the other departments. They only have five ex-ministers and a couple who were parliamentary assistants; the rest were back benchers, and the back benches on the government side are a poor school for opposition.

Jean Lesage, for instance, is the only one of their five privy councillors with any experience in finance. He was parliamentary assistant to Finance Minister Doug Abbott for a few months in 1953, and he has always kept himself thoroughly informed on the complex questions of dominion-provincial relations. That, with his four years of service in the cabinet, makes him a favored candidate for the job of financial critic.

But Jean Lesage is also deemed the best if not the only man available to replace Georges Lapalme as Liberal leader in the Quebec provincial arena. Many of his colleagues argue that he can carry both jobs, at least for a session or two, and it's true there is ample precedent for provincial leaders retaining seats in Ottawa. However, Premier Maurice Duplessis's favorite campaign cry is that the Liberals are mere tools and stooges of Ottawa. Also, the most recent precedent on the Liberal side is the late Premier Mitchell Hepburn, who was also an MP when he took over the Ontario leadership. The example is not one to cheer the average Grit.

Except for the financial critic who opens the budget debate, it's not ex-

pected that L. B. Pearson will designate any particular men as regular watchdogs of specific departments. A shadow cabinet is a dangerous thing for any party that expects to get into office in the foreseeable future—shadow ministers tend to expect that they will become real ministers. But the next Liberal cabinet, whenever it is formed, will certainly not be recruited from the present little band of survivors in parliament, and the fewer men who feel they have any proprietary claims, the better.

Aside from the manpower shortage, though, there is another good reason why the Liberals intend to play by ear at this session. They think this is no time to challenge the new government.

One of the Liberals got a piece of advice from his garageman that he thinks was sound:

“Look, mister, the people voted to give these Tories a chance. Now, you'd better give them a chance. Let them make mistakes, if they're going to make any, and tell us about it afterward.”

That's what the Liberals intend to do—let the Diefenbaker government get to grips with national problems as quickly as possible, taking good care not to obstruct or impede, and then wait to see what happens. They noted with interest that within three weeks of the election a Gallup Poll indicated that sixty percent of all Canadians expect unemployment to get worse instead of better, and that more than half think the government isn't doing enough about it. They noted with even greater interest Prime Minister Diefenbaker's belated denial that he ever proposed a switch of fifteen percent of Canada's

imports from the United States to Britain—a proposal he was reported as making on three separate occasions during a period of five months. They see no possibility that the September conference on commonwealth trade can succeed in doing anything useful, but they want no share of the blame for its failure.

So the indications, before parliament opened, pointed to a short business-like session that would run through July but then prorogue, rather than adjourn until autumn.

Finance Minister Donald Fleming had his budget ready, except for final polishing, before parliament assembled. He and George Nowlan, his colleague at national revenue, have been grinding away at that colossal job ever since the morrow of the election, and they can bring it into the house any time after the formal debate on the speech from the throne. Those two debates alone will keep the house busy for more than four weeks, not counting the actual bills that may be required for tax or tariff changes.

Then there will be estimates, a double helping this year—the scrutiny of governor-general's warrants that financed the Government of Canada in the last fiscal year, and then the same job over again for the fiscal year that opened April 1. How long this will take is anybody's guess. The usual pattern in the past has been a great deal of talk on those estimates that are brought in while the weather is still cool, but much shorter debates when the heat of July comes along.

This doesn't leave much time for new legislation. What about the northern development program to implement the Diefenbaker “vision”? What about the CBC, its reorganization and its financing? What about the new Pension Act for which a university economist was hired to make a study, and all the other plans of which we heard so much in February and March?

These things are not being forgotten or neglected, but cabinet ministers doubt that they'll be tackled at this first session. The government has hardly had time to catch its breath after a year as strenuous as any politician can remember. The urgent business of voting money and checking expenditures must be done in a hurry, but the other matters can wait.

By autumn many things will be clear that still puzzle today. The greatest of these is the economic situation, and particularly employment.

Conservatives are more worried about unemployment than they admit in public. It's true that the seasonal change has taken place as usual, and that April figures look as if they were back to February levels, but the February levels were very high. Some observers think the number of Canadians without jobs and seeking work will remain above three hundred thousand throughout the summer.

During the campaign, both major parties were astonished to find that unemployment was not a serious issue. Either the people were not worried by the “seasonal” slump or they didn't hold the new government to blame for it. But if the recession continues through the months when improvement is normal this attitude may change. Conservatives are keenly aware that from now on they will be held responsible for whatever happens—whether it's within their control or not. ★



To lay a proper ambush they need more men and weapons.

BACKSTAGE IN THE CHURCHES' WAR ON SCANDAL

"Branded" weeklies fight back, but hated (S)ex-(C)rime labels cut circulation in half

WITH A SET of symbols as hot and unwelcome as a cattle branding iron, Quebec's churches are waging unrelenting war on some 30 scandal sheets that flood the province weekly with a lurid pot-pourri of sex, crime and bedroom gossip. The papers are fighting back with vociferous claims of innocence, endorsed by some of French Canada's best-known personalities.

Who's winning? The churches—according to their count and also the admission of the harassed weeklies. They have cut the circulation of the papers from an aggregate 600,000 to 300,000 and driven three out of business.

Their best weapon has been a label affixed to each paper by the

militant Sacred Heart League, which initiated the campaign. The League, with 200,000 members, took up arms six months ago by starting an investigation of dozens of publications, acknowledged scandal sheets and others. Then it issued a list of those it considered morally dangerous. Papers were carefully indexed: (P) for malicious gossip (*potinage*), (C) for excessive emphasis on crime, (S) for pictures and stories displaying sex. Thus Flash and Hush, published in Toronto, were branded SPC, as were Montreal's Midnight and the French-language Canard and Révélation. The last two have since perished under the brand.

The "black list" goes to League members in 1,260 parishes in Canada and the U.S., accompanied by statements from leading churchmen. (Cardinal Léger declared: "The editors and distributors of obscene journals are public sinners and must be treated as such.") Families are exhorted to persuade neighborhood shopkeepers not to sell the weeklies. Marshaled by Cardinal Léger, all Quebec churches, Protestant as well as Catholic, support the campaign.

With the League getting ready to publish another list in June, some papers, notably Nouvelles et Potins (PC) and Allo Police (C),

have been cleaning up their contents, hoping to be exempted. Nouvelles et Potins has been shouting its redemption in every issue, in the words of such eminent Quebecois as Rocket Richard, Gratien Gélinas, the Plouffes and even a judge: Richard: "I have not always been your admirer, but now I read Nouvelles regularly and find nothing wrong with it."

Gélinas: "I am pleased to underline the constant interest Nouvelles et Potins has given to the theatre. Comédie Canadienne has nothing but praise."

Mama Plouffe (Amanda Alarie): "Obscene? Not on your life. You print things that are true."

Judge Didier Leroux: "I judge it an excellent publication which should stay on the market."

Editor Serge Brousseau adds a convincing footnote to his paper's transformation. It's now losing \$2,000 a week, he says.

Even with success so evident, the churches are far from finished. The campaign won't end as long as scandal sheets survive, they're resolved. But they'll apparently have to win without Union Nationale. Not one of the papers has been banned by the government's censor, although similar U.S. papers and scores of books are banned.

—KEN JOHNSTONE



Léger: Out with "public sinners."

Backstage WITH TEEN-AGERS / They're not joining elders' A-bomb panic

ALTHOUGH MANY of the world's leading thinkers, statesmen and scientists are full of fear about the chances of atomic war and human survival in a radioactive world, the generation growing up to face these problems in Canada is not nearly so alarmed by them. Most Canadian high-school students, according to a survey by Canadian High News, don't think there will be an atomic war. Most—but by no means all—think the fear of nuclear war will end war.

Here's how 1,200 Canadian students answered the following questions:

Do you think atomic energy is good or bad for mankind?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
GOOD	66%	54%	60%
BAD	10	18	14
UNDECIDED	24	28	26

Do you think there will be an atomic war?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
YES	26%	28%	27%
NO	61	46	54
NO ANSWER	13	26	19

Do you fear that mankind may be destroyed?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
YES	20%	27%	24%
NO	75	66	70
NO ANSWER	5	7	6

Do you think fear of atom bombs will end war?

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
YES	57%	44%	51%
NO	34	45	40
NO ANSWER	9	11	9

Background

ONE MORE FESTIVAL: YUKON

Not to be outdone by neighboring B.C.'s all-year Centennial, the Yukon Territory is holding one of its own this August. Officially it's planned to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the Klondike gold rush. More likely it's designed to cash in on the overflow of B.C. tourists. Like the B.C. festival, the Yukon's date is purely arbitrary. Gold was discovered in August, all right, but in August 1896.

A CAMERA THAT THINKS

You don't have to be an expert to take movies. With newest equipment you can even be a dolt and get by. One firm (Keystone) has produced a movie camera that not only makes allowances for changing light conditions but won't work at all if there's not enough light.

HOW RCAF HIT THE COMICS



"Comic" RCAF

CF-100, uniforms and terminology used by artist George Wunder. The strip excited so much interest in Ottawa military circles that when the Journal skipped an episode a U.S. military attaché phoned to ask why.

IS SACK WINNING THE WAR?

How are sack-dress sales standing up to the barrage of mostly male criticism? Not

If you read the comic strip Terry and the Pirates you'll know we've been fighting a vest-pocket war up north with a sputnik crew that tried to take pictures of our radar setup. Well, they didn't get away with it; furthermore, although the plot was fiction, everything else was true.

RCAF brass vetted the CF-100, uniforms and terminology used by artist George Wunder. The strip excited so much interest in Ottawa military circles that when the Journal skipped an episode a U.S. military attaché phoned to ask why.

Backstage IN TORONTO

The million-dollar contest for a modern city hall



Phillips: In with new

IN A VAULT in Toronto's old red-stone city hall is a box of 520 numbered envelopes containing clues to one of history's richest mysteries: the winner in an international competition to give Toronto a new \$20-million city hall. Neither the architect's name nor city hall's new look will be known until Sept. 26, although eight preliminary winners have been selected and each given \$7,500 and the chance to polish their designs.

In fact, so great has been the secrecy that only one thing can be stated for fact: the winner will pick up \$1,200,000 (6% of the city hall's cost). Are the eight contending designs futuristic, or controversial? Perhaps. Only a dozen sets of plans in the contest were "conventional" and insiders say they didn't qualify. But Dr. Francisco Villagran of Mexico, after one look at Toronto, wagered a Mexican architect wouldn't win: "Too advanced for the city!"

The competition has been surrounded by other doubts too. It has been labeled both "Nathan's monument" and, by a diehard few, "Phillips' folly," after Mayor Nathan Phillips, whose idea it was; but there's no doubt it has attracted world attention.

Almost every nation sent designs—except Russia, and the Russians simply were too late. Ten days after an already extended deadline set for Dec. 30, they asked permission to register. In a crowded office in the old city hall Prof. Arthur squirmed for weeks between 40-pound packing cases from Peru and assorted packages from Israel, South Africa, Damascus, New Zealand and Japan. In addition to designs and details, they contained scale models.

In the last week in April all were set up in the CNE's horticultural building. Three miles of plans were tacked to special board. Scale models—costing perhaps \$2 million—covered 1,000 square feet. Doors were locked and five judges from four nations began work. They included Sir William Holford, who helped rebuild blitzed London. One judge asked for a wheelchair to cover the exhausting beat but aisles were too narrow for it. They each got \$1,500 for their labors. Often the scene resembled a cake-judging contest. Judges, shunning civic fetes, munched from box lunches on their rounds.

There were rules—a whole book of them—but some foreign architects were merely confused. "What goes in a washroom?" one wrote director Arthur.

When it's finally settled the city hall will stand in an 11-acre square smack in the centre of downtown Toronto. Rules for the architects suggest it will serve a prosperous city. Smallest area of all—190 square feet for one clerk—is the unemployment relief department.—ERIC HUTTON

badly, say Canada's shopkeepers. Women bought 25% more clothes in January than the previous January; the sack did it, say retailers. Easter trade was 10% better than last year. A discouraging note for sack critics: "Retailers are re-ordering heavily," says Ike Fram of Toronto's Dress Guild. And the editors of Maclean's, having recently expelled (April 12) all females wearing the sack from the human race, discovered a week later that nearly all the females in this office are wearing the sack. Campaign suspended: you can't win 'em all.

OUR STAMPS IN TWO COLORS

More two-color stamps are being issued in Canada starting this summer with a 5-cent stamp commemorating Quebec City's 350th anniversary. Champlain's head is brown on a green background. It's not Canada's first, however, a stamp for the Red Cross holds that honor.

Editorial

Let courts, not customs men, decree which books to ban

In the hustle and bustle of opening a new parliament, we hope the government will not overlook a sensible suggestion of the Canadian Tariff Board: Amend the law so that Canada Customs officers will no longer be obliged to act as censors.

Article 1201 of the Customs Tariff imposes this unwelcome duty upon them. They are required to exclude from Canada any imported book, picture, phonograph record or other publication that strikes them as seditious or obscene. The decision in each case lies with the minister of national revenue, but he has no more wish to be a censor than have the humblest of his officials. The net effect of the law is absurd as well as pernicious, for it protects a Canadian industry of pornography.

Article 1201 does contain a right of appeal, from the minister's decision to the Canadian Tariff Board, but until recently this right had never been exercised. It was finally invoked by the publishers of the novel *Peyton Place*, after that book had been barred from Canada by the authority of the minister of national revenue, and the Tariff Board created a sensation by overruling the minister and admitting *Peyton Place* to Canada.

Besides giving national publicity to a rather gamy book, the Tariff Board proceedings demonstrated other weaknesses in the law as it stands. The Tariff Board is not, does not pretend to be, and does not wish to be the right tribunal for this kind of question. Books printed in Canada, if they are accused of being obscene, come before the courts in the ordinary way with all the rights and protections of defendants — a book, no less than a man, is innocent until proven guilty, with the burden of proof on the prosecution.

The Tariff Board's suggestion to the government is disarmingly simple: Put imported books on the same footing. Leave them, too, to the courts of Canada. If any book is condemned by the courts, let the customs officers be instructed to keep it out of Canada. Unless and until it is so condemned, let it be deemed none of their business.

This seems to us by far the best way out of an admittedly difficult problem. The government has indicated its intention of "tightening" the law against obscenity in the Criminal Code, and to this no one objects in principle — if a better definition can be found than the clumsy one we inherited from a British decision a century ago, by all means let's have it. But surely this is an admirable opportunity to correct, at the same time, an absurdity in the law that repeatedly makes Canada a laughing-stock before the world.

Mailbag

- ✓ The "dire peril" facing world democracy
- ✓ A plan to cure traffic jams—and unemployment
- ✓ The secret of Juliette's singing success

Bruce Hutchison's article, *Is Democracy Obsolete?* (April 26), is the most trenchant and important statement on public affairs that has appeared in Canada for a long time. As one who has spent many years reporting on economic and political affairs I know how faithfully he writes when he says that democracy is in dire peril. Mr. Hutchison's warning must be heeded . . . —
GERALD SAMSON, TORONTO.

✓ After reading Hutchison on the desperate state of democracy . . . I felt hopeless and depressed—until I remembered that God is not dead . . . —
EDITH DUNSTAN, WINNIPEG.

✓ Bruce Hutchison's fine article should be taken as a mental catharsis for any smug, self-sure and slap-happy Canadians. Hutchison is a prophet and we should accordingly amend our social, economic and political thinking—A. J. HAMILTON, KINGSTON.

✓ If Maclean's feels that the "bigger, starker question" regarding the future of democracy truly deserves an answer let's have more than the sophomoric fatuities of Bruce Hutchison . . . —
ALLAN WARD, ELDORADO, SASK.

✓ Mr. Hutchison said only one out of ten high-school graduates would know the rudiments of our government. I should like to disagree. Our curriculum in grade IX contained a study of the Canadian government. The next year we studied British and American governments and compared them to the Canadian. In grade XI we were taught Athenian and Roman government along with the Middle Ages. This year we delved into the Commonwealth, the policies of our different parties. We studied what makes a good citizen and why so many people are indifferent. I



hope this helps to reassure Mr. Hutchison as to the future of Canada.—
PEGGY MCKAY, TORONTO.

✓ . . . It is a relief to know that there are some who will examine and critically analyze what many feel we should accept without question. Few express an opinion about democracy for fear of being branded a Communist . . . —S. A. THOMSON, LACHINE, P.Q.

The cornflower's gentle past

In *Preview* (April 26) you mentioned that George Drew rejected the cornflower as Conservative party floral insignia because it had been a Nazi emblem. The origin of the cornflower as an emblem for old Germany should not be confused with the Hitler period. During the Napoleonic Wars, Queen

Louise of Prussia was traveling with her two small sons, a wheel of her carriage broke, and the royal party were forced to wait by the roadside. To amuse the children the Queen asked them to pick her some cornflowers, which in Germany grow wild in the cornfields, and she made wreaths of them. The young Prince never forgot the incident; when he became King of Prussia and later Emperor Wilhelm I of Germany, the flower was adopted as national floral emblem.—MRS. W. L. HAYES, BJORKDALE, SASK.

How to unsnarl traffic

Why the Traffic Jams Keep Getting Worse (April 26) was interesting and valuable. After reading it, an idea came to my mind. If about 50% of automo-



bile drivers would use scooters when possible for at least six or seven months a year, I am under the impression traffic conditions would improve immensely.—
ARMAND SAMSON, MONTREAL.

✓ In your traffic jams the cartoon of the Lions' Gate Bridge is excellent. I watch the jam twice a day from my window and at last have got wise on how to beat it. I park at Park Royal and boost the public transit system projects. Costs less than to park for three hours in town anyway . . . —MRS. N. D. SCHELL, VANCOUVER.

✓ Give me a reason why this traffic situation exists while we have construction men out of work . . . Wouldn't it be a nice defense program to make roads so people could at least get out of the city if attacked? . . . —MRS. E. O. ST. OURS, MONTREAL.

Juliette: flop or hit?

After reading Barbara Moon's article, *Why Should Juliette Knock Them Dead?* (April 26), I decided to take another look at Juliette, something I had not done for several months . . . I'm sorry to say it was as bad as I recalled it. Nothing had changed but her tone—she was less than I remembered.—
G. C. CLARKE, MONTREAL.

✓ For the secret of Juliette's success, just ask the people of Vancouver who have known her since she first started with Dal Richards. She's the same Juliette when you meet her downtown shopping—with the same smile and the same charm for one friend or a million viewing her on TV. There's nothing synthetic about her. This gets through to the strangers watching her program and turns them into old friends too.—
MRS. THEA M. FOSTER, HOLLYBURN, B.C.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 77

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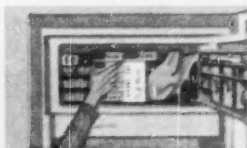
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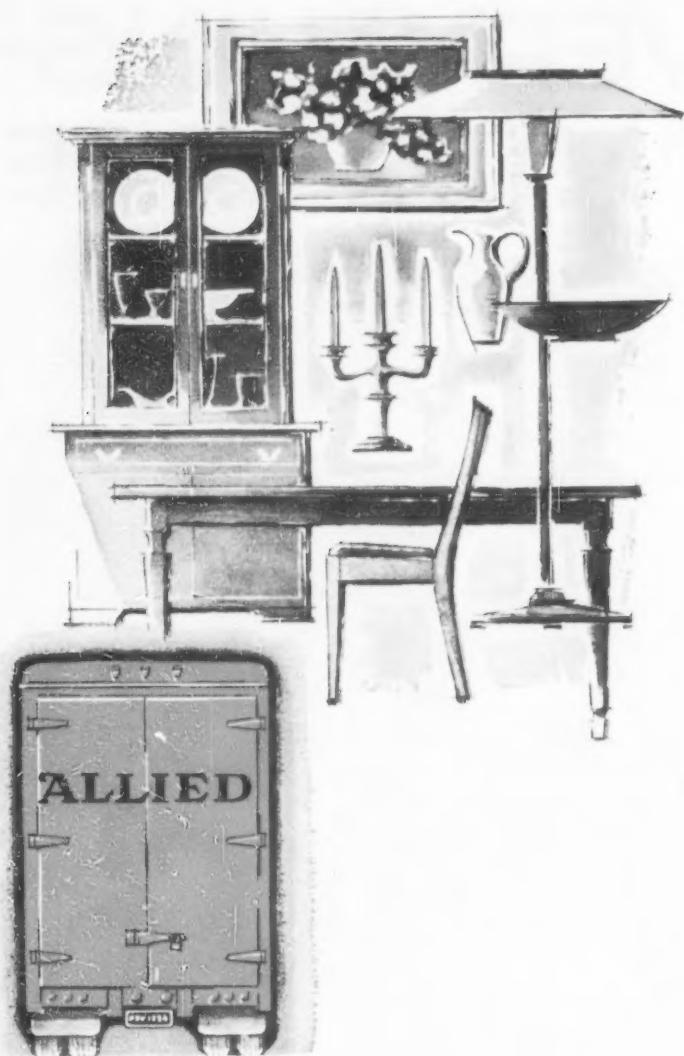


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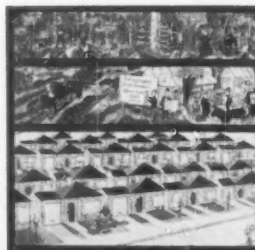
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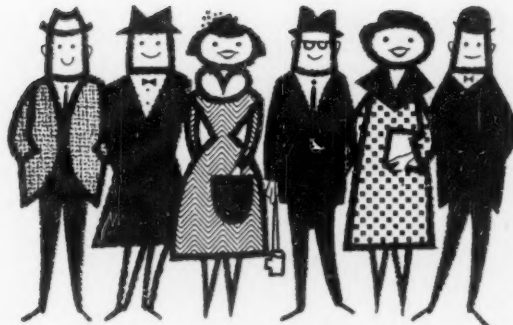
THE COVER

Peter Whalley lives in a village called Morin Heights about 40 miles north of Montreal. What happened to the trees in his cover painting hasn't happened in his village yet—but from what he sees on the drive north he's afraid the subdividers are closing in on Morin Heights.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 24, 1958

How not to take care of your car



Research shows
4 out of 10 motorists
do not give their
car the attention
it deserves

A recent national survey of Canadian motorists revealed some interesting facts about how they take care of their cars. The survey was conducted for Dow Chemical by Gruneau Research Limited, and interviews took place during the last few weeks of June 1957. Questions were asked to determine what attention motorists give to the cooling system of their cars.

4 Out of 10 Definitely Do not Drain

More than four out of ten motorists told the interviewers they didn't intend to have their cars' cooling systems drained. Three out of ten motorists had their cars' cooling systems drained at the time of the survey. Two out of ten said they planned to have their cooling system drained "before winter". Four per cent of the motorists interviewed were undecided.

Why is Cooling System Draining Important?

The cooling system, like the exhaust, is designed to carry off heat, protecting the vital engine parts. An effective cooling system keeps wear to a minimum so that you get all the pep and power that was engineered into your car. Automobile cooling systems, however, collect inner deposits, preventing the coolant from carrying off heat as efficiently as it should. The tremendous heat generated by modern high compression engines makes the cooling system more important than ever before — especially during hot summer weather.

When Should Cooling System Be Drained?



The spring or early summer is the most logical time to have the cooling system checked — after the temperature has reached the point where there is little likelihood of a freeze. Your cooling system should be drained, thoroughly flushed and refilled with water and a rust inhibitor. It's a small price to pay for worry-free driving and longer service from the many engine parts.

The Man To See Is Your Regular Serviceman

Have the man who regularly services your car carefully check your entire cooling system. This is part of his service. It only takes a few minutes—but means many months of carefree summer driving for you.

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For the sake of argument



PAUL JOHNSON SAYS

Deterrents don't prevent wars — they start them

Ever since the last war the leading Western nations have based their foreign policy on the simple assumption that a third world conflict can be prevented only by maintaining Western superiority — or at least parity — in offensive military power. This assumption is itself based on an analysis of how the first two world wars occurred. Briefly, the argument runs as follows. Both world wars broke out because the Western democracies were militarily weak. Had they armed themselves in time, the enemy would have been deterred from aggression and war would have been avoided. Therefore, to prevent a third world war, we must arm ourselves to the teeth and negotiate from strength.

The World War I myth

It is always risky to formulate current policies on the basis of historical analogies. History is not a recurring pattern of events; it is a succession of unpredictable accidents. Knowledge of the past may sometimes illuminate our vision of the future; but equally it may sometimes obscure it. And the dangers of employing the lessons of the past to solve the problems of the present are, of course, enormously increased when the past itself is incorrectly presented. Yet this is precisely what has happened in the case of the theory of the deterrent.

First, let us examine the myth that World War I occurred because Britain was unprepared. This myth is a comparatively recent one. Until 1939 most people agreed that the 1914 war was caused by the arms race, and it was only when they were confronted for the second time with the phenomenon of a German conflict — this time springing from manifestly different causes — that they became confused and began to draw false analogies. Then they remembered that there

was a sizeable pacifist movement in Britain before 1914; that it included more than half the Labor Party and a broad section of the Liberals; and that, until the Germans invaded Belgium, even the cabinet opposed British intervention.

Unfortunately, the memory of these public political attitudes was gradually allowed to obscure the fact that Britain had been preparing for war for nearly a decade before 1914. Parliament may have favored a policy of no commitment, but in the Foreign Office, the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, a totally different atmosphere prevailed. The turning point seems to have come in January 1907, when Sir Eyre Crowe, assistant under-secretary at the Foreign Office, presented his famous memorandum. In it he evolved the theory of the deterrent in its purest form.

The Germans, Crowe argued, were threatening Britain's control of the seas by building large numbers of battleships. This could lead to war. We could only prevent it by building even larger numbers of battleships, and thus provide Germany with what he called "ocular evidence" of our determination to meet and vanquish the German threat. The phrase "ocular evidence" is significant: it is the core of the deterrent philosophy. For the first time, Crowe formulated the theory that the physical existence of retaliatory power would, in itself, curb the ambitions of aggressor states.

Grey, the foreign secretary, showed Crowe's memorandum to the cabinet. Its arguments sank deep into the basic thinking of British public men. Imperceptibly, they began to accept its conclusions as gospel. The Foreign Office became a citadel of anti-German attitudes, and meanwhile a huge war machine was brought to a state of readiness. For every five battleships **continued on page 67**

FOREIGN AFFAIRS EXPERT PAUL JOHNSON IS AN EDITOR OF BRITAIN'S NEW STATESMAN. HIS BOOK, THE SUEZ WAR, WAS PUBLISHED IN 1957.



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LONDON LETTER BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



Baxter in front of his club—the House of Commons at Westminster.

Inside the best club in Europe

There is a somewhat malicious story told of The Athenæum Club in London that a member in the reading room rang for the hall porter and said: "Will you please take that gentleman away. He has been dead for two days." That, of course, was in the spacious days when, dammit all, a club was really something.

The club as an institution is a logical and inevitable development of the English character. First it is a home from home where the male can escape the devoted tyranny of his family. Second, it is a place where a chap can have a sleep after a hearty luncheon and can even snore if it is not too stentorian. In fact membership in a club in the lush Edwardian days was so highly regarded that when R. D. Blumenfeld, then editor of the Daily Express, was offered a baronetcy he said he would rather be made a member of the Carlton Club, at that time a massive temple devoted to the Conservative cause.

Undoubtedly London has the finest clubs in the world, not necessarily in architecture but in character and tradition. Yet the best club in Europe, as it has been known for generations, is not a club at all. And what is it called? Some vulgarians speak of it as The Talking Shop, but its actual title is The House of Commons.

Let us consider the privileges conferred upon members, who incidentally have not been proposed and seconded but automatically become members as soon as they have been elected by a constituency and have taken the oath.

Since in parliament we make the laws we are to some extent above the laws. Thus while par-

liament decides that public houses must serve drinks only at stated hours we, in the Commons, have no such limitations. If there is a late sitting that keeps us there until the first streaks of dawn, MPs can have alcoholic refreshment up to half an hour after the debate ends.

The smoking room is the holy of holies. Here no stranger, however exalted, can enter. Nor does the ban end there. No peer, unless he was at one time a member of the House of Commons, is entitled to come into the smoking room. I do not suggest that if a peer strayed in by mistake or through ignorance we would throw him out, but he would soon realize that he had broken the code.

There is no special seat in the smoking room for any member of the House although Sir Winston Churchill, who is temperamentally an exception to the rule, always sat in a certain corner seat—and still does.

The present smoking room was one of the committee forums before the fire of 1834, and it was rebuilt in two sections. One is for good conversation and refreshment, while the other permits games of chess to be played—the only game allowed.

Lord Macaulay (before he received his peerage) wrote in 1832 from the smoking room of the House of Commons to his sister:

"I am writing here at eleven o'clock at night in the filthiest of all filthy atmospheres in the vilest of vile company and with the smell of tobacco in my nostrils." Perhaps it was just as well that he went to the Lords!

Then we continued on page 75

Triumph from Canada — EMBA* brands of mutation mink



Virginia Thoren

*Trade-mark Mutation Mink Breeders Association

CERULEAN brand, Emba* natural blue mutation mink

So very understandable that from Halifax to Vancouver, in London, Paris, Rome or far off Sydney and Johannesburg, chic women prefer Emba* brands of mutation mink acknowledged the very best in quality of natural bred-in colour and pelt superiority. Be sure you ask your furrier for Emba* by brand.



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(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are "Standard" on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)

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JOHNNY LONGDEN

tells his own story



What success has brought the coal-miner's son: Johnny and Hazel watch Eric, 15, push 10-year-old Andrea into the pool beside their lavish Los Angeles home. Longden's comment: "I've got a lot I'da never got."

By **JOHNNY LONGDEN** with Trent Frayne

Here, for the first time, history's most successful jockey
tells the story of his own
rough-and-tumble race from an Alberta
coal mine to pre-eminence on the race tracks of the world

FIRST OF FIVE PARTS

I was earning my living on horseback when I was ten years old and except for two years when I worked underground in the coal mines of southern Alberta I've been earning it by riding horses ever since.

Nowadays I sometimes make ten thousand dollars for a two-minute ride on a thoroughbred, but when I was ten I was a cowboy, surely the youngest cowboy in Alberta's history, and I was earning a dollar a month for every cow I took grazing on the pasture lands outside Taber, where I grew up.

Irrigation had not come to Alberta when I was a boy and vast areas of rolling land were unfenced. People living in and around Taber needed someone to look after their cattle out on the grazing lands be- **continued over page**

cause, with no fences, the cows could wander twenty and thirty miles and more. I was going to school but I wanted to help out at home, where we had enough to eat but not much more. I used to scout around for neighbors who would let me look after their cows and some months I'd get as many as forty.

I'd ride out with a herd early in the morning before school and then at noon I'd ride out again to drive the cows to the Oldman River to water them. After school in the late afternoon I'd gallop out once more to round up the strays and drive my herd back to Taber where the owners would collect their cows.

My family needed the money and I knew of no other way to help out. My father, Herb Longden, dug coal deep in the mines to eke out a meagre existence for Mary, my mother, and the six children. We lived in a clapboard house with three bedrooms. It was heated by a pot-bellied stove in the middle of the living room. There were no pipes leading to the other rooms and in the winter when the temperature would drop to thirty below I used to crawl into bed beside my brother Percy and curl up close to him to keep warm.

My sisters had two beds in their room. There were four of them, Doris, Harriet, Lillian and Elsie. They'd snuggle together, two to a bed, too. My mother, a tiny quiet woman with a wonderful smile, made over our clothes so that although we rarely wore anything new we were always neat and clean. My father was a small man, about five feet tall but with strong arms and a muscled chest. He'd come home from the mines dog-tired and the first thing he'd do was get a big pan of water from the stove and wash the heavy black coal-dust from his face. Every time I think of my father I remember the way that pitch-black dust would cling to the hairs in his nostrils and ears.

My parents were Mormon converts who decided in 1912 to leave England, where my father had worked in the mines. They settled in what had become known as "the Mormon country" of Canada—southern Alberta. It was originally settled in the 1880s by American Mormons fleeing religious persecution in Utah. As a sect Mormons show a high degree of segregation from other groups and my parents knew they'd be welcome in southern Alberta. The six children were born in Wakefield in England. I was two when we crossed the Atlantic. We had booked our passage on the Titanic, but for some reason we postponed the trip. We came out later, after the Titanic had sunk. When we arrived in Alberta we were billeted on the farm of another Mormon family, that of Ray Holman, on the outskirts of Taber just east of Lethbridge. The section where we lived was called Dogtown, but I can't remember why.

My mother was a devoutly religious woman and the whole family went to church every Sunday morning. I rarely go to church now but I try to live up to my early Mormon teachings. I remember that I used to like those Sunday mornings. It was the day I was allowed to wear my suit, a blue serge with knee-pants that my mother made for me. The rest of the week I wore jeans, usually with patches and always clean. My mother saw to that.

My career as a cowboy lasted three summers. My parents kept me in town in winter because of the cold **continued on page 16**



This is Longden

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Johnny Longden, the incurably rich jockey who has won 5,150 horse races—better than two hundred more than any other rider who ever lived—was lying on his back on a big red-leather divan watching one of his seven television sets when his wife Hazel led me into his den. His legs were raised in the air like the rabbit-ears of a TV set. There are better similes, I'm sure, but there is none more apt. Through all the evenings of our conversations there was a pitched battle for his attention between me and Annie Oakley, The Lone Ranger, Wyatt Earp and countless other westerns that crept, Indian file, across his screen.

He was lying on his back in this fashion because, six months before, he'd broken his right leg in two places just above the ankle in a racing accident, and this was a comfortable position for him to massage the still-swollen ankle. When he was sitting up watching, he'd stretch out his legs and prop his bare feet on a five-foot-square coffee table in front of the divan, and then occasionally he'd roll like a tumbler onto his back, raise his legs and massage his ankle again. He'd peer past his right leg at the set.

Sometimes in a typical session I'd say: "Johnny, I've read that when you were starting out, things went so badly that you once stole a carrot from a horse's stall to live on. Is this true?"

Watching the set, he'd say: "Huh? Oh, ah, no, that's not right."

Before the next question I'd wait until his eyes left the set and turned to me.

"Go ahead," he'd say, focusing. "Ask me anything."

So I discovered that really the best time to talk to him was at six o'clock in the morning at the Santa Anita race track where, in spite of the pain in his ankle that caused him to limp heavily, he worked horses every morning. When he'd come down off a horse I'd ask several carefully prepared questions before he could climb up on another one.

He seemed to me to be a withdrawn man, solemn and a little remote. He rarely expanded on an answer. When I asked him about his favorite horses he invariably named those whose courage he admired. He mentioned a few of small account but he had his reason. "That one hated to lose," he said of half a dozen. "Anybody beat him, he knew he'd been in a horse race." I got the feeling that this was the story of Longden's life, too. He just never quits.

Unemotional in conversation, he never grows excited around the track either. His son by his first marriage, Vance, who is twenty-seven and is a trainer, says his father shows the same impassive reaction to winning a \$100,000 stakes as he does to winning a \$4,000 claiming race. Johnny's wife Hazel, a tall pleasant blond-haired girl in her mid-thirties, says he's intrigued conversationally only when he's talking horses. In a recent magazine

article it was reported that Hazel flared up when someone mentioned her husband's size. "He may wear a size-four shoe but his neck is fifteen and a half," she was quoted. "You should see his biceps. He's more man than most six-footers."

She didn't flare up when I asked her if Johnny's size concerned her. "It never occurs to me," she said.

Longden is a shade under five feet, about six inches shorter than Hazel. His legs are short but his upper body is thick-chested and well muscled, and his arms are rounded like those of a fighter. His hair is black and sparse, his face deeply lined and etched with tiny wrinkles. His clothes are neat, conservative and expensive. Even in the informality of the early-morning workouts, riding four and five horses and going into the stalls to check those with ailments, he wore a light-brown tweed jacket, matching trousers, a soft cashmere cap and shining hand-stitched riding boots.

One morning I propped the back of a wooden chair against the side of his barn and sat there in the early sun waiting for him to come back from galloping a horse on the training track near his barn. An old groom, his face lined and leathery, was cooling out a horse nearby, holding its shank, or bridle, and leading it in a wide worn circle where he'd presumably walked hundreds of hots before. As he came near the barn he grinned and then stopped walking and his face grew thoughtful.

"I don't get it," he said without preamble. "People say the little guy is tighter than a dead heat. You know, this isn't true at all. I've known him for years. He's taken inferior mounts from people down in their luck when he could have had horses that figured to win. He's won with the inferior mounts, too, and got a purse for these people, because he's a helluva man on a horse. He's often loaned these guys money and he's even put up the nomination fee for them."

The old groom started to walk again then, because his horse was growing restless, throwing its head and pawing the ground, but when he'd completed the long circuit he picked up where he'd left off.

"He's the old tradition of racing, John is, from the days when people around the race tracks helped a guy down in his luck," he said. "Nowadays, I don't know, racing's changed. We're not the tight-knit community we used to be, moving from track to track. Nowadays some of the people in racing would claim a man's last horse. Not John. He's the old school."

There were other incidents to refute an ancient theory in racing that Longden is tightfisted (in Toronto a man had said, "It's not true that Longden has the first buck he ever made; with his first buck he bought his wallet"). A wealthy Calgary owner told me that Longden literally enabled the racing season to open in Winnipeg one year by lending



His wife Hazel's five toy poodles distract him from one of his seven television sets.

ten thousand dollars to the late R. James Speers after the banks had rejected his bid for a loan. Speers, a Winnipeg breeder, was the kingpin of western racing in the Thirties. I asked Longden about the loan at his home one evening, and he took his eyes from his television set and looked at me for a long moment.

"Do you get these western programs up in Canada?" he asked, pointedly.

I smiled and said yes. When he smiled too I said, "What about the loan?"

"Well," he said after a moment, "I guess Mr. Speers had his back to the wall. He said he needed some money for three months. If he didn't get it he said racing might fold. So I sent him some money."

I asked if the money had been paid back in three months.

"Oh, he phoned and said he could pay it back but he could use it a little longer if I didn't need it right away."

"When did he pay it back?"

"Oh, six months. About six months. This Annie Oakley's a pretty good shot, eh?"

In some ways Longden leads a Spartan life. He doesn't smoke or drink and must watch his diet because excess weight has ended the careers of more jockeys than anything else. Eating mostly proteins and boiling daily in a steam cabinet, which he hates, Longden can hold his weight at 112. He says he'd hit 122 if he indulged often in the desserts he loves. He eats only one meal a day, has a cup of black coffee for breakfast and a cup of tea with saccharine for lunch.

I asked him one morning as we walked from his barn to the track kitchen if he ever missed the food and drink and social evenings he gives up for racing.

"Sure," he said, limping along on his mending ankle. "You bet. But I figure it's worth it. I got a lot I'da never got."

We walked along a little farther, heading for his cup of coffee, and then he said, "I guess you never worked in a mine, eh?"

It was nearly forty years since he'd shoveled coal in the mines of southern Alberta as a boy of fourteen, but he hadn't forgotten. ★

Johnny Longden tells his own story continued

that we'd get between warm chinooks, and the huge snowdrifts that would pile up across the foothills. My brother Percy got a job as a linotype operator at the Taber Times and he got me into the paper after school hours as a printer's devil. Then Percy contracted polio and although he wasn't left paralyzed he's had to take it easy ever since. Percy is working with me now, by the way. He manages my ranch at Riverside, California, about thirty miles from our home in Arcadia, which is a suburb of Los Angeles. My sister Doris died several years ago. The other three girls are married and live in California.

When my brother Percy got sick I left school and went to work in the mines. I was thirteen. In my first job I was a grease-pig. I'd sit beside an endless chain hauling coal cars fifteen hundred feet underground, and my job was to squirt lubricating oil on the wheels as the cars rolled by. My most vivid memory of the mines is one of hopelessness, a kind of closed-in feeling. It wasn't the fear a child feels when he's shut up in a closet; I wasn't afraid of the dark depths of the earth. I just felt that a mine was no place for a man to spend his life, shut off from the light.

After a couple of months as a grease-pig I became the helper of a big solemn man named Hans Wight, who was an electrical engineer. One of my jobs was riding a donkey hauling coal out of the mine. One day I was staring off into space as I rode the donkey and Hans said something to me. I didn't hear him.

"Hey, Johnny," he called, "what's the matter with you? I've been hollering at you."

"I've been thinking this old mule was a race horse," I confessed sheepishly. "I'd like to ride at the races."

"Maybe you could, at that," Hans said. "You look like you've got the build for it."

I'd seen the races at the Taber fair. The fair was always a big day for the people of the district. There'd be a big parade, with a brass band braying, and the farmers would bring in their hogs and cattle and chickens for the competitions, and the women would bake pies and cakes and bread for judging. But the main interest for me was the horse races—not thoroughbred running races or standardbred harness races, but Roman races and relay races and quarterhorse races.

I longed to be a part of this, and thought about it while I was riding that donkey, but we needed the money at home and I kept working in the mines. When I heard there was more money to be made digging coal than riding a donkey I started slugging underground. I was fourteen then and I worked from seven in the morning to four in the afternoon for \$1.25 a day. Some days I'd shovel ten and twelve tons of coal. My size helped in the smaller holes. I could stand up in places where other miners had to kneel.

But when I was fifteen and the summer fair rolled around again I met a man named Spud Murphy at the fair grounds. He had two quarterhorses (which means they'd been bred to race a quarter of a mile) called Tommy Overton and Gangway. I was hanging around his stall and he asked me if I could ride a horse.

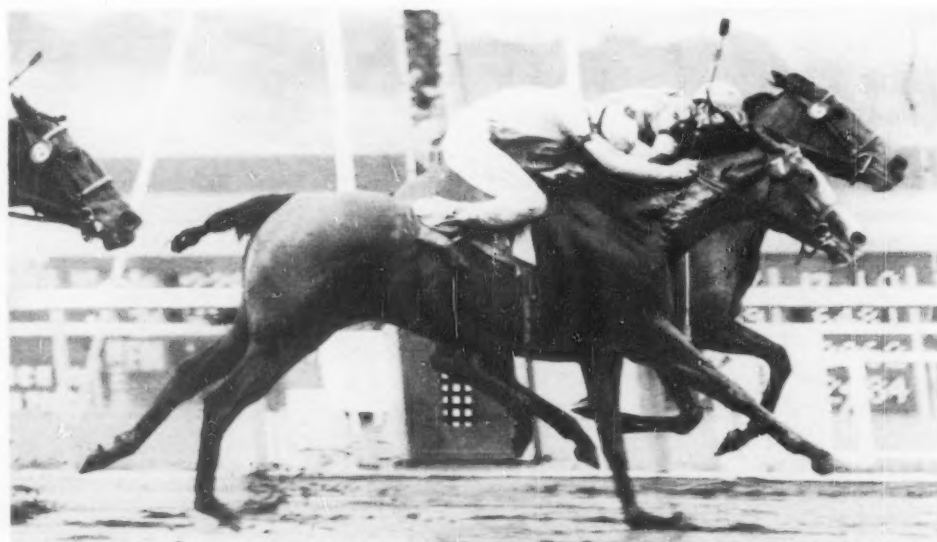
I said sure, and he asked me if I'd ride one for him while he rode the other.

He put me on Gangway to exercise it. I was so nervous that I put a

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STARTING POINT: In hometown Taber he was "surely the youngest cowboy" in Alberta when he was ten.



HIGH POINT: Bente bore Longden to his historic 5,000th win at Santa Anita on Feb. 28, 1957, thirty years after his first thoroughbred win.



AT THE TOP: This Lincoln is one of the "incurably rich" jockey's three cars; the stole around his wife's shoulders is Canadian mink.

Horses carried the boy from Taber
to an unprecedented 5,000 victories and a
life of luxury—but his workday
starts at dawn and each pound is an enemy

Johnny Longden's 27,000 horse races have brought him far more than the normal measure of material possessions. His home on Lemon Avenue in Arcadia, about twenty-five miles from Los Angeles centre, is a seven-room, four-bathroom, ranch-style bungalow. His property contains a swimming pool, a three-car garage for his long black Cadillac sedan, his Lincoln Continental and his Chevrolet station wagon, and a stable where he keeps a Palomino pony called Prince, which the children ride. Hazel has five toy poodles which scurry around the house in tiny bedlam.

The central room of Longden's home is the den. Along the walls of it are color pictures of his favorite horses. The pictures are rear-lighted and superimposed on glass. There are three pictures of the greatest horse he says he ever saw, Count Fleet—pictures of Longden riding Count Fleet to victory in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes in 1943. And there's a glass-faced collector cabinet filled with silver trays and urns and cups and miniatures, all of them mementos of his high moments in racing. One is a stopwatch inscribed, "Johnny Longden — 3,000 winners." It was a gift of the Bay Meadows track near San Francisco where he won his 3,000th race in 1952. Each word is written in diamonds. The watch is worth ten thousand dollars.

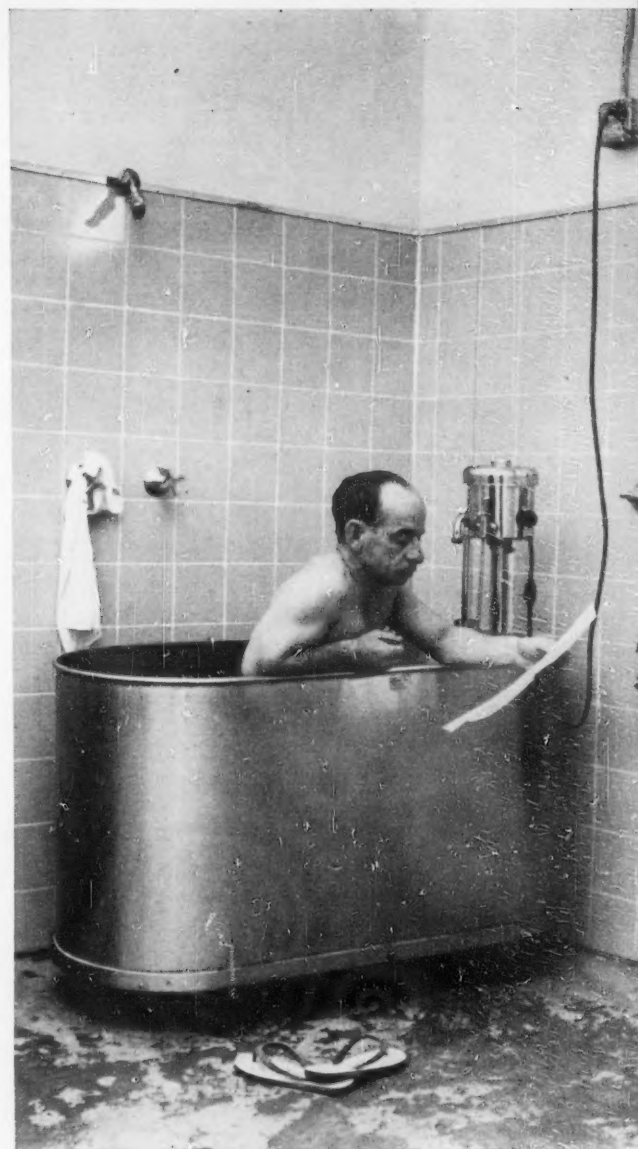
He has a gun cabinet containing a dozen guns made with special cut-down stocks and barrels to suit his size. He owns a five-place Cessna-190 airplane in which he and Hazel and

his son Vance often go hunting in Utah or in the Canadian Rockies. He and Hazel each bagged an antelope on one trip and they have the heads mounted on the walls of the den.

They lead a quiet social life. He retires at nine because he gets up at 5.30 to go to the track. But when he's riding at Del Mar, a beach resort on the Pacific near San Diego, the Longdens see a few of their friends from the movie colony. Betty Grable and Harry James are close friends of theirs and so are Vicki and Jack Oakie, and Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

Longden has seven television sets in his home. He has a large color set in the living room, and the 24-inch black-and-white screen in his den is part of a large combination record-player. The two children he and Hazel have had, Eric who is fifteen and Andrea who is ten, have a set in each of their bedrooms and Longden himself has a set halfway up the wall of his bedroom which he can control from the bed and which he can watch lying on his back. He has two portable sets and when he goes to the bathroom to sink his aches and pains into a whirlpool bath or to settle into a steam cabinet he takes one with him. He has no elaborate explanation for this uncommon dedication to the tiny screen. "I like television," he says in lavish understatement.

And there's no denying he loves riding race horses too. By late last month Longden was the leading rider at Golden Gate Fields, near San Francisco. In his first 106 mounts he'd scored 34 victories, had 27 seconds and 14 thirds. ★



SWEATROOM WORKOUT: To hold his weight at 112 he soaks in a "whirlbath" (above), boils in a steam cabinet and eats only one protein-rich meal a day.



DAWN WORKOUT: His workday still starts at six a.m. Here, watched by daughter Andrea (left) and friend, he exercises some Canadian-owned horses in the surf at Los Angeles.



Comediennes work out a dance: Huguette Oligny, Denise Pelletier, Denyse St. Pierre.



WHY THE WORLD WANTS MORE OF THE



Clown Guy Hoffmann is ringed by tormenters in scene from Molière's *Imaginary Invalid*.



Temperament breaks out in director Jean Gascon as he surveys the chaos caused by crating the scenes.



Advance notices of their tour tweak smiles from Huguette Oligny and Denise Pelletier.



Théâtre du Nouveau Monde



High-kicking twosome, Miss Pelletier and Gascon, typify the "worldly, debonair" flair of the TNM.

With Gallic audacity
these Montreal stars
showed Paris
how to play Molière.
Now, with invitations
from three continents,
they're off on a half-year
tour that may make
French-Canadian theatre
famous

BY BARBARA MOON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BASIL ZAROV

There's a Montreal acting troupe called Théâtre du Nouveau Monde (New World Theatre) that just doesn't know any better than to go and expose Canadian theatre to cosmopolitan centres in five countries on two continents in a six-month tour this year.

Most Canadians secretly aren't surprised when home-grown productions flop in places like New York or London or Edinburgh; they knew all along that our theatre wasn't ripe for the big time yet. In fact many Canadians are still talking out loud to convince themselves there *is* a Canadian theatre. And Canadians in nine provinces out of ten have scarcely heard of the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, or of its exotic project.

But cultural officials of France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Yugoslavia, the USSR and several countries of South America are sure there is a Canadian theatre precisely because they know about the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde. Accordingly they have issued invitations to the group to come and do some Canadian theatre for them, and the group has innocently accepted — some invitations for the tour this year and some for next.

The "TNM" — as the company is called in Quebec — is representing Canada abroad with some pretty sophisticated acting. In 1955 the TNM didn't **continued on page 62**

TRADE SECRETS of the COMBINES DETECTIVES

Price-fixers may fleece you on anything
from bread to eyeglasses—

but sooner or later they lock horns
with Ottawa's combines investigators.

Today these big-business sleuths are opening
two new "cases" a week. Here's how they work

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN BELL

A paradox of our economic system is that the very individuals who express the most vocal lip service to free enterprise often try to defeat its basic philosophy of unrestricted competition by agreeing on prices and sales methods with their rivals. Canada since 1889 has been fighting such combines with one of the world's strictest anti-monopoly laws.

The fifteen men in mufti who enforce this legislation as Department of Justice combines investigation officers, claim their work saves Canadian consumers millions of dollars a year. In the last half century they have ferreted out evidence that has convicted two hundred Canadian business firms—including some of the largest and best known—of criminally restraining trade through secret market sharing and price arrangements. For their attempts to garrotte competition these companies have paid fines of nearly two million dollars.

The fact that only one in ten combines investigations turns up enough evidence to warrant prosecution indicates that the majority of Canadian businessmen compete with uninhibited vigor, and that the consumer usually benefits in better goods and services and lower prices.

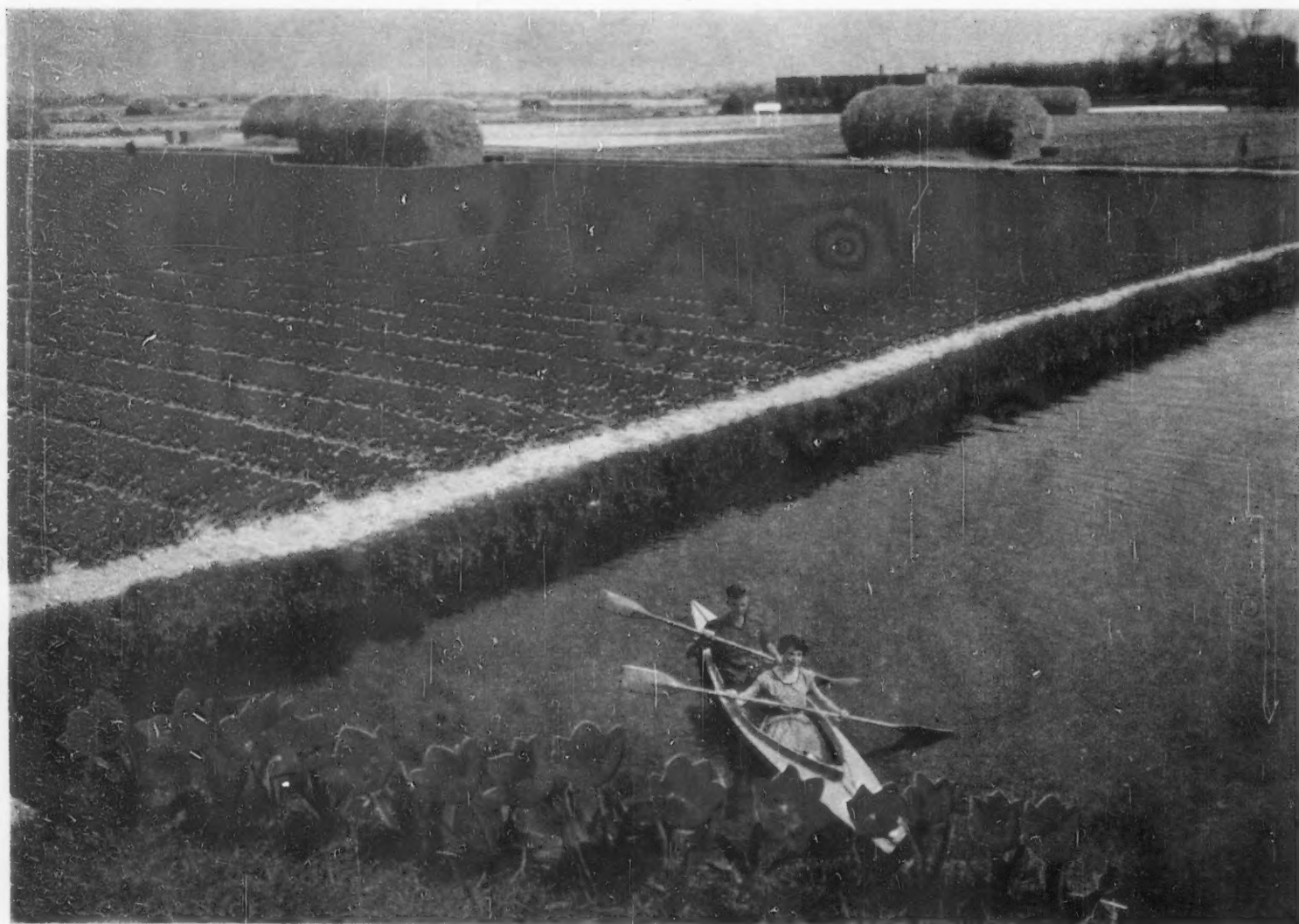
But the tempo of the combines hunt is now at an all-time peak. More than a hundred preliminary enquiries have been launched in the last year; two new

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In this photo-montage T. D. MacDonald, director of investigation and research, stands among a variety of products whose manufacturers have all come under the scrutiny of the Combines Branch. Most have either been convicted or forced to drop their prices.







BILLIONS OF BULBS blossom in the fifty-mile strip of Holland called Bulbland. These are Marshal Haigs, a variety of Canada's all-time favorite Red Emperor.

How the Dutch sold Canada on tulips

We took tulips for granted until Queen
Juliana's present of thousands of bulbs turned Ottawa into a gardener's heaven.

Now we're planting them by the million every year

By Alan Phillips

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALAK

For the last two weeks in May a stretch of pavement known as the Driveway, meandering for thirty-three miles through and around Ottawa, will present the most colorful road show in North America, the biggest, brightest public display of spring flowers on the continent. For these two weeks Ottawa becomes the tulip capital of the world, at least in the publicity of the Ottawa Board of Trade.

The board exaggerates; the Keukenhof garden at Lisse in Holland contains more tulips of wider variety. But although the Dutch are not reluctant to brag of the Keukenhof they are most unlikely to carp at Ottawa. For it was the Queen of the Netherlands who put Ottawa's show on the road, and the Dutch are its best press agents.

When Queen Juliana went home to Holland in 1945 after a wartime exile in Ottawa she sent back a thank-you gift of twenty thousand tulip bulbs, pledging sixteen thousand more every year of her life. Dutch growers gave another hundred thousand bulbs. It was a grateful gesture to the people whose troops had helped liberate them; it was also shrewd business. The gifts inspired the noted landscape architect Edward Wood, of the Federal District Commission, to create the unique flower show now used as a focal point by the Dutch in their campaign to make Canadians flower-conscious.

Wood had been yearning to up-date Ottawa's parks. Out went the work of gardeners trained on estates in pre-war Europe, geraniums in beds the shape of stars and crescents. In went the tulip bulbs, fifty thousand in one bed, clear solid colors massed in a bold and flowing line, banked at the curves to quickly catch the eye, the first flower display designed to be seen from a car window.

Edward Kelly, Commissioner of U.S. National Parks, sent five men to look at the Ottawa experiment. Tourists tarried to ogle the vivid vistas of tulips and daffodils. The Board of Trade in 1953 launched its Tulip Festival (this year's date: from May 19 to 25) and by 1958 Ottawa, which in 1950 was fifth among Canadian tourist attractions, was runner-up to the all-time champion, Niagara Falls.

No other Canadian city has set out to emulate Ottawa's extravagant display, although the Chatham, Ont., municipal council is flirting with the notion of a tulip build-up to challenge the capital's. Toronto's Queen's Park and Vancouver's Stanley Park are both brave with small but locally celebrated stands of tulips each spring, and the Niagara Parks Commission plants thousands in parks all over the Niagara peninsula.

The man the Dutch hired to win tulips this growing place in the Canadian landscape is an Ottawa photographer named Malak Karsh. He is a sad shy-eyed man who learned his trade in the dark-room of his famous brother, Yousuf Karsh, but later dropped his surname and now answers only to Malak. His tulip-boosting color photographs—tulips with Mounties, kids, kittens, snow, pretty girls—appear every year on dozens of magazine covers. He sends gardening articles and photographs to newspapers and donates Dutch bulbs as garden-contest prizes.

Although Dutch bulb growers foot all the bills for this flurry of propaganda they're paying, willy-nilly, to help make a livelier **continued on page 46**



GARLANDS OF DAFFODILS bedeck Holland's youth during spring "bloom festival."



DOUBLE BLOOMS are inspected in umbrella's shade to shield worker from eyestrain.



GARDEN OF HYACINTHS, another Dutch bulb, attracts ducks from a nearby canal.



CANADIAN SHOWCASE for Dutch tulips is Ottawa's Driveway. These are on the Rideau Canal.



Should you send your child to camp?



An anxious parent reports the results of a month-long investigation —
when to send a child to camp, how to choose the best
camp for him, and some surprising facts about camps and camp life

By Dorothy Sangster

On June 28, the Saturday after school ends, thousands of excited boys and girls lugging battered suitcases and bulging duffel bags will converge on railway stations and bus depots all across Canada and head for the woods, in a happy bedlam of farewell shouts. This annual trek, which will continue all summer, leaving fathers broke, houses curiously silent, and mothers with sore fingers from sewing on hundreds of name tapes, is called Going to Camp.

What do half a million Canadian youngsters get out of going to camp? Do they come back healthier, happier and wiser?

As the mother of two young boys who have never been to camp, I have often wondered what my children were missing. This year I determined to find out. Now that I've spent a month interviewing fifteen camp directors, reading a mass of books and pamphlets, listening to social workers, and comparing notes with parents and youngsters who have been to camp, I realize that there are no simple answers to most of my questions. Too many intangibles cloud the view.

My most shocking discovery was that *anywhere in Canada anybody can start a summer camp for children, with no questions asked.*

As Professor John Farina, of the University of Toronto, recently said in an address to Ontario camp directors, "Somebody sprung from Kingston penitentiary tomorrow can engage somebody to front for him and be in business, provided he's stashed away his loot."

The only requirement for running a summer camp for children is a license from the department of public health of the province the camp is in. The department is concerned solely with sanitary conditions and fire hazard. When it comes to the care, supervision or safety of children at camp, or

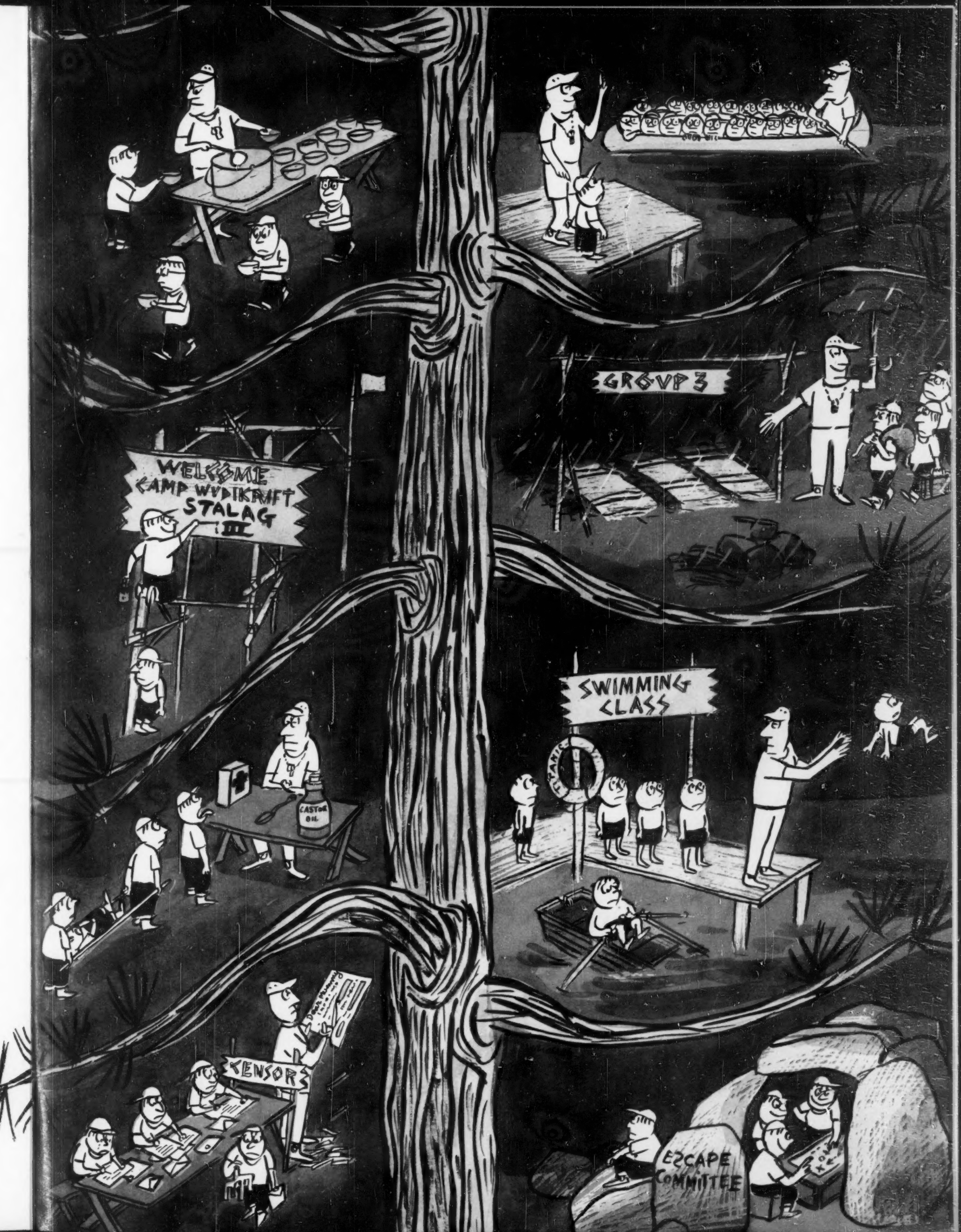
the personal morals of camp directors and their staffs, apparently nobody is interested. A mother I know sent her boy away to camp for the first time a couple of years ago and heard a few months later that the camp director had been arrested on a morals charge. She also heard that he had twice before been dismissed from youth groups for similar tendencies — something that would surely have been revealed by even the most routine preliminary check, before he was again placed in charge of children.

F. M. Van Wagner, of Montreal, president of the Canadian Camping Association, a voluntary organization to which most, but not all, Canadian camps belong, says, "There are no regulations affecting camps anywhere in Canada, other than those of the provincial departments of health," and Mrs. Agnes Mutchler, president of the Quebec Camping Association, adds: "Some camps are getting away with murder." A camp where many children have taken sick in past summers because of inadequate meals is still functioning this year. So is a second camp, described by an authority in the camping field as "inadequately staffed, poorly supervised, and with a record of too many drownings over the years." Improperly marked swimming areas, inadequate medical supervision, dangerous second-rate boats and beach equipment, and immature counselors in charge of canoe trips, all endanger the lives of young campers, yet many camps do nothing to correct these hazards.

Something else that surprised me was my discovery that many camps censor a child's letters home. Several camp directors gave me their reasons for censorship. "Here's what often happens," the director of a large girls' camp explained. "A new girl comes to camp, and it **continued on page 52**

**Camps are one thing
to parents and another
to kids. This is
Peter Whalley's
characteristically wry
version of what
the kids' viewpoint
really is**







She kneads bread dough—while crackling maple and beech slabs heat the oven—in one corner of her fourteen-by-twenty-foot kitchen. Watching avidly are two of Pearl's six children, Donna, 14, and Dick, 13.

Pearl McLeod's old-fashioned kitchen

A hallowed institution—once as familiar as the buggywhip—is vanishing before the onrush of push-button

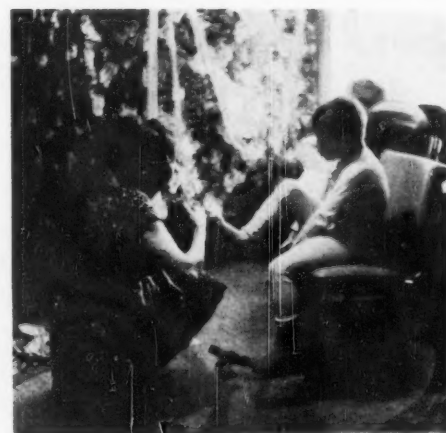
But in outposts like Penobsquis, kitchens like the McLeod's still play their historic



The kitchen's bathtub is rarely idle. With a wooden lid lowered, it seats George McLeod . . .



With the lid raised tub holds sons Dick and Dale while Pearl scrubs behind their ears . . .



Screened by a chintz curtain it's used by two older girls as Pearl pulls on Dale's clothes.

By Ian Sclanders PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRLICH

The pretty girl in the advertisement for electrical appliances is wearing a chic hat and drawing gloves on to show she is going out. The text says: "Are you spending too much time in the kitchen? . . . Can you cook a perfect supper while you're shopping? Is your coffee freshly made and hot when you wake up in the morning? Can you bake a perfect cake simply by pushing a button? If you can't you're working too hard . . ."

As dawn creeps across the hills that rim New Brunswick's Kennebecasis Valley, casting a pink glow against a rambling white house by a stream at the village of Penobsquis, a slender wiry woman named Pearl McLeod rubs the sleep from her eyes, dresses quickly and quietly, and strikes a match to the pine kindling in her stove. When the kindling crackles cheerfully she shoves slabs of maple and beech into the flames. She feels their warmth and smells their faint fragrance as they chase the morning chill from her kitchen.

To the east, through her pantry windows, as she takes the cloth off the dough that has been rising overnight for breakfast rolls, she can see the dew sparkling in the apple trees.

Beyond the apple trees she can see the enormous barn that was built, incredibly, by a blind carpenter, and the tiny hut that was built, bravely, by John Wilson, her ancient uncle, when he decided he'd keep bachelor's hall—and the hell with being under the same roof with other people. She can also see the henry that shelters her two hundred pullets.

She puts the rolls in the oven and the porridge in the pot and greases the iron skillet in which she'll fry the trout.

To the west, through her kitchen windows, past the elms and lilacs and roses in the dooryard and past her vegetable patch and at the foot of a grassy slope, she can see where her boys caught the trout—McLeods Brook, which has been flowing through the woods, meadows and lives of the McLeods since 1795. Her two dozen snowy geese, in marching formation, waddle pompously down the slope to a pool that was once a mill-pond.

On the far side of the pool the elderly draft horses, Sandy and Doll, fat and lazy since a tractor left them virtually unemployed, wade in for a drink. Near them, but not quite with them, is Billy, the children's pony.

The cattle are munching their way along the lane from the pasture to the barn to be milked. The collie, Tippy, is barking. A rooster crows. The bull bellows.

Pearl fetches her infant daughter, Katherine, from the crib and feeds her. She hears her other daughters, Donna, fourteen, and Marilyn, eleven, her sons, Wayne, sixteen, Dick, thirteen and Dale, five, and her husband, George, moving about, getting their clothes on.

She pokes more wood in the stove, measures coffee into the percolator, stirs the porridge, fills glass fruit dishes with rock cranberry preserves and places a jug of rich Jersey milk on the table. George appears, a lean bronzed man in his forties with blue eyes and a thatch of grey hair. He is closely followed by joking laughing

youngsters. Pearl drops the little brightly speckled trout in the hot skillet and they sizzle gently.

Another day is beginning and Pearl will spend most of it in her big plain strangely attractive kitchen. Indeed, seldom wishing to be elsewhere, she'll spend most of her life in it, cooking and washing, ironing and mending, sharing tea and conversation with neighbors, planning, dreaming and watching her children grow and the crops being planted and harvested and the brook thawing and freezing.

Of the fifteen rooms in her house, she likes the kitchen best, for the heart of the six-hundred-and-twenty-acre McLeod farm, like that of every real farm, is in its kitchen.

This kitchen is not yet a museum piece but does belong to a vanishing species. It is fourteen feet by twenty with a pantry twelve by twelve. Below it is a cold cellar carved from bedrock. Above it is a storeroom cluttered with fishing tackle, skates, dismantled spool beds, an incubator in which Pearl hatches her chicks, hunting rifles, a broken parlor organ. Behind it is a cavernous woodshed with its walls festooned with sleigh bells, cow bells, worn harness, deer and moose antlers, axes, saws. In many ways the kitchen is as it was when the McLeods of another generation sat in it arguing about whether New Brunswick should, or should not, enter Confederation.

It has electric lights now, instead of oil lamps. There are taps in the sink instead of a pump—taps to which water is piped from an upland spring. The stove is white, and neater than the black monster it succeeded. But the white stove, like the black, hums with **continued on page 34**

The ironing board doubles as a feeding table for Katherine; her grandmother watches.



housekeeping.

role as "the heart of a home"



How to plan your retirement



DO YOU KNOW

What pension plans cost you—and what you get?

Which of the thirty major systems is best for you?

How to cash in on new tax benefits?

IT CAN COST YOU THOUSANDS IF YOU DON'T

BY J. J. BROWN Montreal management and investment counselor

Sooner or later almost everyone who reads this article will have to live on retirement income. Some will be forced to subsist in squalor and near starvation on government old-age pensions alone. Some will live frugally on company pension plans, government annuities, or other superannuation schemes. Some, the lucky or provident ones, will be able to live it up as usual after retirement, drawing income from a variety of well-chosen investments.

Today, do-it-yourself pension planning is more important than ever before. This is because parliament has recently passed an amendment to the Income Tax Act giving individuals certain tax benefits previously enjoyed only by employees of companies having a group retirement plan. You can now put ten percent of your income or a maximum of \$2,500 a year into an approved individual pension plan, and deduct the amount paid before calculating your income tax.

This sounds like a gift to you from the tax collector, and in one sense it is. But you should realize that it is also a heaven-sent opportunity for insurance salesmen and investment dealers to load you up with pension schemes that fail to fit your needs, or cost more than you can afford.

Pension planning is difficult for an individual because there are at least thirty ma-

jor classes of plans for accumulating the capital and your pension upon retirement depends on which system you choose. It also depends on how much you have paid in each year, and how old you were when you started. If we take even hundreds of dollars from one to 25 as the possible annual premiums, and settle for 40 starting ages from 20 to 65, the number of different plans possible is 30,000. This is why you won't learn all there is to know about retirement plans and how they affect you from reading a magazine article. But, if you get your feet down off the couch and read what follows carefully, you will know the advantages and disadvantages of the various plans offered and be in a position to make a reasonably intelligent choice between them.

Here are the main questions asked about pensions, together with some more or less simplified answers:

Q. What kind of pension does everyone have to buy?

A. The government old-age pension, which goes to everyone at seventy. At the moment it pays \$660 a year. We pay for this through two percent tax (maximum \$60) on our net income each year. While all Canadians get this pension as a matter of right, it is not enough for mere subsistence even today, and it does not begin until seventy.

Q. I work for a large corporation. Am I covered by a pension?

A. Probably. Many Canadian companies, especially the larger ones, have pension plans which function as a sort of fringe benefit received by employees in addition to their salaries. This is open to both hourly-paid and white-collar workers. According to the latest figures, nearly seventy percent of Canadian industrial employees are covered by some sort of company pension plan. But of course industrial workers make up only a small part of the total Canadian labor force. While exact figures are difficult to come by, it looks as if about one person in every five in the labor force is covered by company pension plans.

Q. What kinds of company retirement plans are there?

A. There are two kinds: contributory and non-contributory. In contributory plans the employee and the employer together pay the cost of the pension. The common system is to have the employee pay four percent of his salary each year and the employer pay the balance of the premium cost. This balance is small when you are young, large when you are old.

In non-contributory plans the employer pays all costs, but the amount of the final pension is normally much smaller.

Q. How much will I get from government plus company plans when I retire?

A. You won't be rich. Even under a fairly generous contributory retirement plan, the amount of pension is not large. For example, a man earning \$3,000 a year would retire after thirty years with the company on a pension of \$144 a month. Here's a table of various income brackets, showing the total income from old-age pension plus a generous company pension that might be expected by an employee who retires at sixty-five after thirty years' service:

IF YOU HAVE EARNED AN AVERAGE EACH YEAR OF:	YOUR MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME WOULD BE: from government old-age pension (after age 70)	from your company pension plan (after age 65)	TOTAL (after age 70)
\$2000	\$55	\$96	\$151
3000	55	144	199
4000	55	192	247
5000	55	240	295
8000	55	408	463
12000	55	590	645

Q. What can I do if this amount seems too small?

A. You can join an individual plan in addition to the company and government plans. If you are a member of a non-contributory plan, you can put ten percent of your earned income (up to a maximum of \$1,500) into an individual plan; if you are already a member of a contributory plan, you can contribute the difference between your present payment and ten percent of income up to \$1,500 as before.

Q. I own my own business. What retirement plan can I buy?

A. You can join one of the individual registered plans offered by professional and trade associations, insurance and trust companies, investment-counsel firms, and certain mutual funds.

Q. What are the advantages of joining any plan?

A. The basic advantage of saving through a registered plan is that it provides a measure of tax relief. The immediate tax saving, if maximum amounts are contributed to an approved plan, would be about \$95 if your earned income is \$5,000; \$240 if your earned income is \$10,000; and \$1,100 if your earned income is \$25,000. The tax saving will be larger or smaller depending on the number of your dependents and on whether you are married or single.

A second advantage of a registered plan is that you enjoy the moral support of the insurance company or trust company in carrying out the plan. As individuals we are weak and find saving difficult. When we tie ourselves up by a contract with a big institution, we can rely on the company for a measure of moral support.

Q. What are the disadvantages of joining any plan?

A. The basic disadvantage is that the capital you accumulate is locked in, both before and after retirement. Under existing legislation, once you have put money into an approved plan it must stay there until you retire. You can't even use it as collateral for a bank loan. On the other hand, this "locked-in" feature may not always be a disadvantage, since the money may be protected from unwise investment decisions on the part of either you or your advisers.

Even after you reach retirement age the money must be used in just one way — to buy an immediate annuity at the rates in force at that time. If you want to spend the money some other way, for example on buying a small business to provide you with a new interest during retirement, the money will have to come from another source.

A second major disadvantage is that the income-tax benefit is not clear gain; you are merely exchanging one tax benefit for another. To the extent that you place your savings in an approved retirement plan, you can't put your money into other investments that carry tax benefits. For example, you are entitled to deduct from your income for tax purposes ten to twenty percent depletion allowance on wasting assets, such as oil wells or mines; and in addition, twenty percent of the net dividends received from Canadian companies. Together, these privileges make dividends tax-free in many cases. These benefits are lost when you join any registered plan.

Perhaps more important, you lose the specifically Canadian advantage of tax-free capital gains. Here, if you are a prudent investor or a lucky speculator, and buy stocks for a thousand dollars which you later sell for ten thousand, it is possible to build up an estate undiminished by taxes. Once gained, this money can be employed any way you see fit. You can retire on it, paying tax only on the income portion and drawing on tax-free capital for the balance.

Q. There seem to be more disadvantages than advantages to joining a registered plan. Is this true?

A. No. It merely takes longer to write out the disadvantages, because they are more complicated.

How much weight you give to these various advantages and disadvantages depends on your personal circumstances and your goals. If you are an industrial worker or a professional man, you may find it simpler to turn over to someone

else all the headaches of managing your retirement fund. If, on the other hand, you are in the investment business, you can probably earn more with your money than could any approved plan. Take for example a man aged forty, married, with two children, earning \$10,000 a year. If he puts a thousand dollars a year into an approved plan, he can earn a tax saving of \$240, or, he can pay his normal income tax and end up with \$760 for private investment. Here is what happens to his money over twenty-five years:

TWO CHOICES FOR A \$10,000-A-YEAR MAN			
REGISTERED PLAN		PRIVATE INVESTMENT	
(\$1,000 a year earns an average of 5%)		(\$760 a year earns 10% combined capital appreciation & interest)	
THEN THE TOTAL SAVED IS:		THEN THE TOTAL SAVED IS:	
End of 1st year	\$1,000	End of 1st year	\$760
5th	5,526	5th	\$4,641
10th	12,578	10th	12,070
15th	21,578	15th	24,079
20th	33,066	20th	43,419
25th	47,727	25th	74,567

AT AGE 65

Total Accumulated Savings	Total Accumulated Savings
\$47,727	\$74,567
This amount must be used to buy an immediate annuity of \$325 a month. Therefore the tax on the \$3,900-a-year income is \$218.00. This man has no free capital on which to draw.	This amount can be invested in such a way as to generate an annual income of \$3,000. Tax on this income is \$75. This man can draw on capital to the extent of another \$3,000 a year, without undue risk.

Q. How much does it cost to join a plan?

A. There are two costs involved when you join any registered retirement plan. The major cost is the savings you put aside each year to remain a member of the plan. The money you lock away in a savings plan in order to enjoy a tax benefit must come from somewhere. If you do not have a regular savings plan now, you will have to finance the pension continued on page 57

Can you sleep at night if you take risks?

Risk is inescapable,

no matter what retirement plan you choose.



English

Sweet & sour

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley



CHAMPLAIN ON GEORGIAN BAY — 1615



"Our dinghy? Heavens, no . . . This IS the Sea Wolf!"

Wasted words

"How much? . . . Why, in 1930 I could have bought that for half the price!"

"If this rain keeps up any longer I'm going to scream."

"Sally, you'll just have to spend less time thinking about boys."

"There must be something wrong with my speedometer, officer. I had no idea I was going that fast."

"You'll certainly have to admit that's an awful big tax to pay on an income as modest as mine."

"Come on, you Fleet Steed—I've got fifty clams riding on your nose!"

"All I can say, doc, is I sure hate to lose this tooth."

"We've simply got to think up something to prevent Rusty barking at strangers."

"I'll just about blow my top if I have to listen to another commercial."

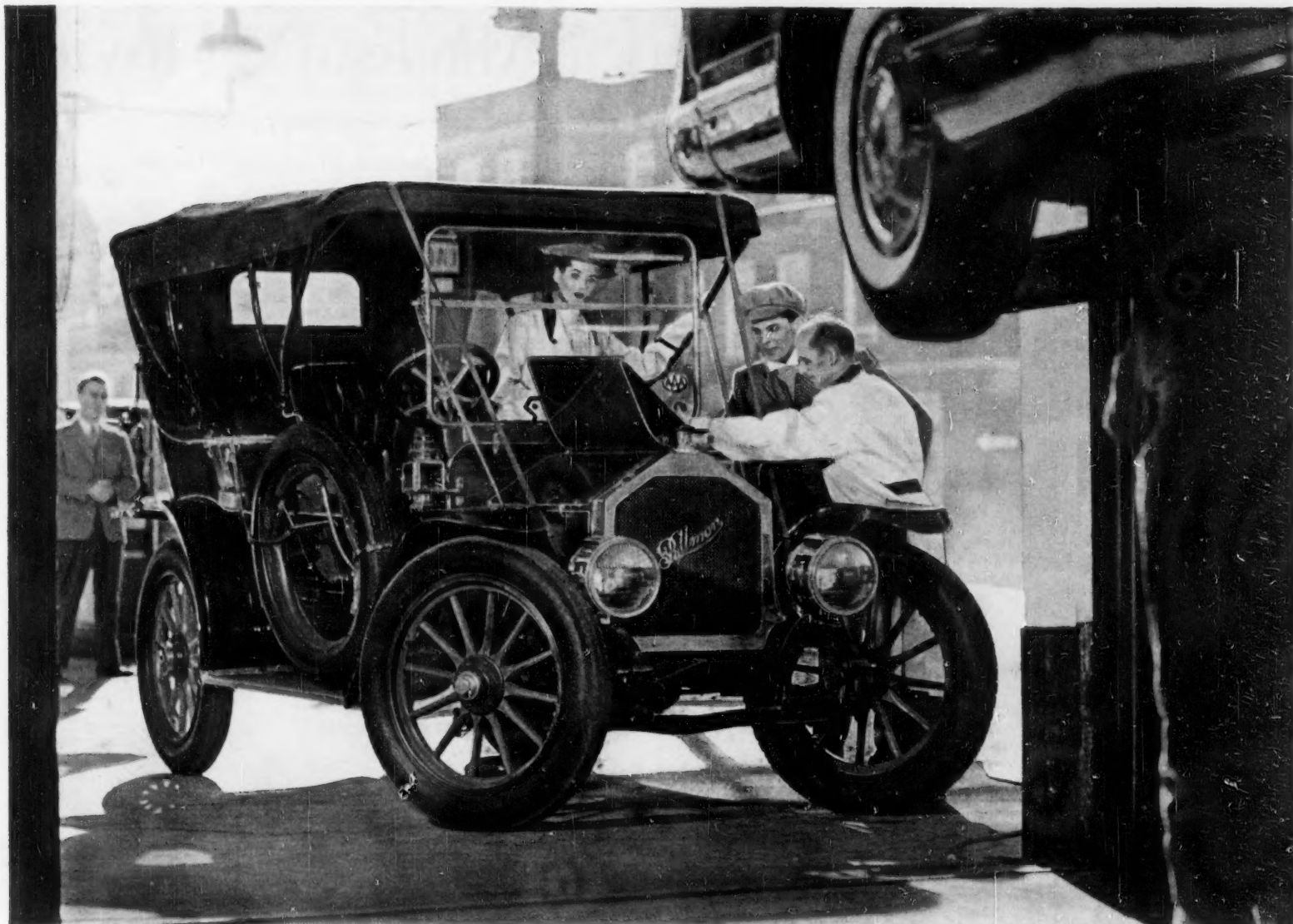
"You keep growing so fast that all I do is buy you new clothes."

"When I was a boy—"

—PARKE CUMMINGS



"First off . . . who sold you the racket?"



Even today, you might happen to see this Pullman automobile, owned by a collector of ancient cars. Built in 1910, it is still in good condition. Matching progress in cars, Mobiloil products have protected Canadian motorists for over 50 years.

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Today's engines are miracles of power compared with those of yesteryear. But methods of protecting them remain the same in one important way: *It still pays to use the most dependable oil you can buy!*

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inches in half
sizes

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

THE YOUNG LIONS: The German army officer well played by Marlon Brando in this war drama is much gentler than the rancorous Nazi in Irwin Shaw's 1948 novel on which the film is based; but what remains is still a powerful and poignant story. Brando is shown here while ruefully dallying with May Britt, the faithless wife of his commanding officer. Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin are American GIs whose fates are finally interlocked with the German's.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: Solemn but never ponderous or pretentious, this is a documentary dealing with the noble Alsatian doctor-missionary-musician-philosopher who has spent most of his long life helping the primitive tribesmen of an African jungle village.

ALL AT SEA: Garlanded with laurels for his Oscar-winning performance in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, Alec Guinness returns to comedy in this somewhat stretched-out British farce. Its better moments happily outnumber the bad. The star's role is that of a chronically seasick skipper who becomes "commanding officer" of a broken-down amusement pier.

THE SHEEPMAN: There is some agreeable humor, occasionally spiced with satire, in this western starring Glenn Ford as an amiable but resolute fellow who determines to raise sheep in a community dedicated to cattle.

THE STORY OF VICKIE: A teen-age enchantress named Romy Schneider brightens the screen every time she appears in the title role of this Austrian-made comedy-drama about the girlhood days of Britain's Queen Victoria. The film, with dubbed English dialogue, is often both coy and pompous.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

All Mine to Give: Drama. Fair.

Beautiful But Dangerous: Operatic
comedy-drama. Fair.

Bitter Victory: War drama. Fair.

The Bridge on the River Kwai: Action
drama. Tops.

The Brothers Karamazov: Drama. Good.

Campbell's Kingdom: Adventure. Good.

Carve Her Name With Pride: True-life
espionage drama. Good.

Chase a Crooked Shadow: British
sus.ense thriller. Good.

Cowboy: Western. Good.

Cry Terror!: Suspense. Good.

Darby's Rangers: War. Fair.

Davy: Drama with music. Fair.

Desire Under the Elms: Sexy farm
melodrama. Good.

The Enemy Below: War at sea. Good.

A Farewell to Arms: War and love. Fair.

The Female Animal: Drama. Poor.

The Gift of Love: Drama. Fair.

Golden Age of Comedy: Medley of
silent-screen souvenirs. Good.

The Gypsy and the Gentleman: Costume
melodrama. Fair.

High Cost of Loving: Comedy. Good.

High Flight: Air-force drama. Fair.

I Accuse!: Historical drama. Good.

Lafayette Escadrille: Air-war and
romance. Poor.

The Long, Hot Summer: Deep South
comedy-drama. Good.

Marjorie Morningstar: Show-business
romantic drama. Good.

Merry Andrew: Comedy. Good.

Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.

The Naked Truth: Comedy. Good.

No Time for Tears: British hospital
comedy-drama. Fair.

The One That Got Away: Escape drama.
Good.

The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.

Paths of Glory: Drama. Excellent.

Peyton Place: Drama. Good.

Raintree County: "Epic" drama. Fair.

Saddle the Wind: Western. Good.

Sayonara: Japan drama. Good.

Screaming Mimi: Suspense. Poor.

The Silken Affair: Comedy. Fair.

The Tarnished Angels: Drama. Poor.

Teacher's Pet: Comedy. Good.

3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.

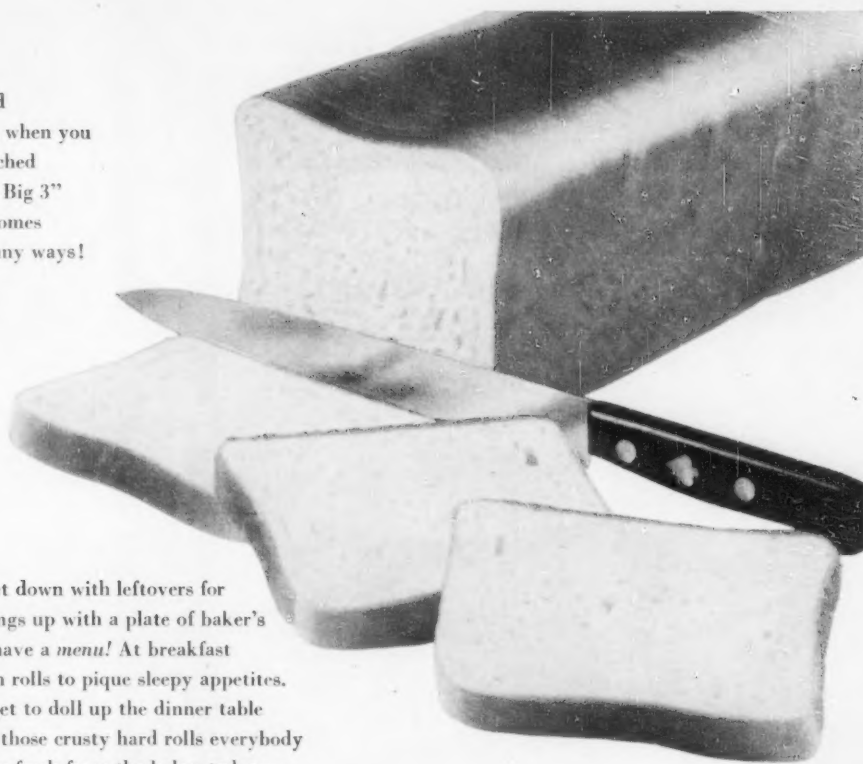
Torero!: Bullfight drama. Excellent.

Violent Playground: Drama. Fair.

Windom's Way: Drama. Good.

Witness for the Prosecution: Courtroom
comedy-drama. Good.

● Isn't it wonderful! You just can't avoid providing extra nutrients, vital to health, when you build menus with baker's bread. For enriched flour now in baker's bread contains "The Big 3" B vitamins, plus iron. And today bread comes in so many *varieties*—can be served so many ways! From toast in the morning till snacks at night—bread is your busy menu-builder.

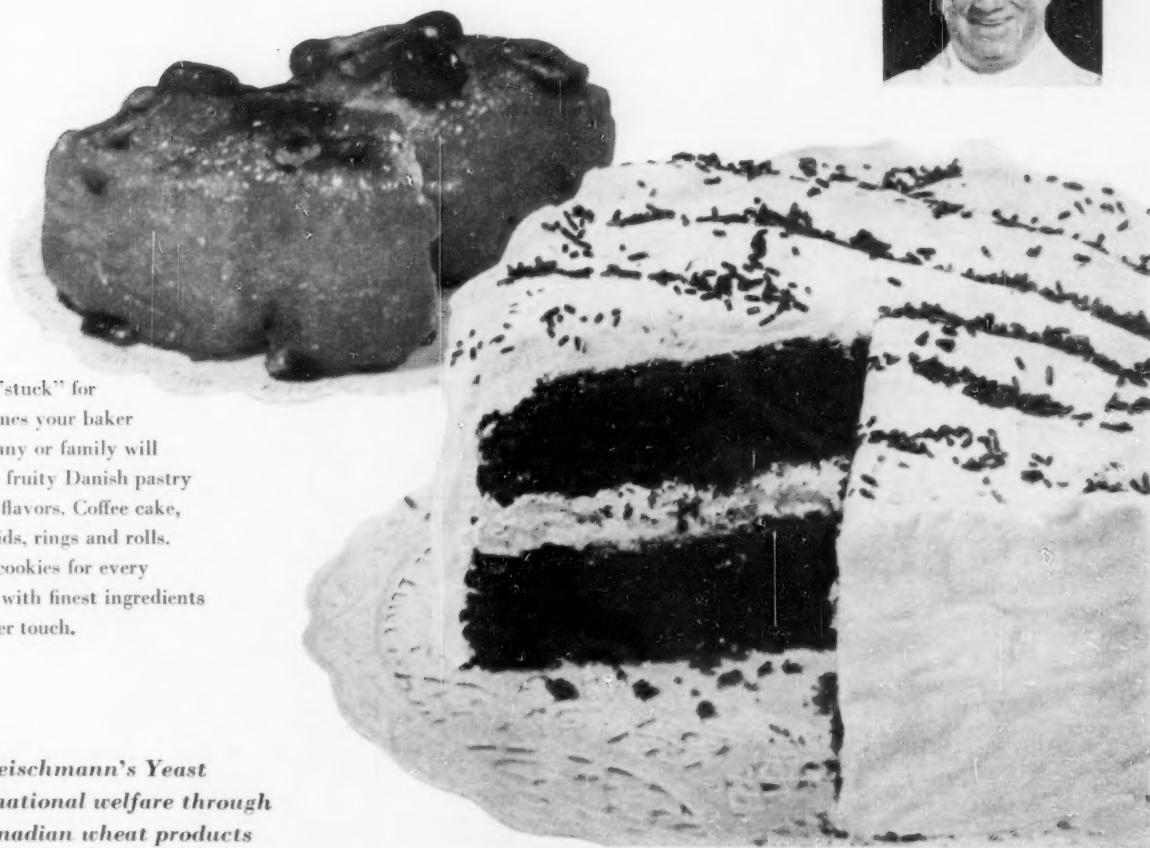


● Don't feel let down with leftovers for lunch. Pep things up with a plate of baker's rolls and you have a *menu*! At breakfast use spicy pecan rolls to pique sleepy appetites. And don't forget to doll up the dinner table with plenty of those crusty hard rolls everybody loves. Get them fresh from the baker today—serve 'em hot and crisp from the oven.

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker



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WATERWAYS

POWERED
FOR
FUN!



Pearl McLeod's old-fashioned kitchen

Continued from page 27

"It is like a stage on which the history of the family has been acted out, scene by scene"

the pleasant sound of burning wood, and the kettle sings, and baking bread exudes a yeasty aroma that mingles with the smells of new peas being shelled, of mustard pickles, of doughnuts, of apples, of gingersnaps and blueberry pie, of pork roasting and soup bubbling — the fine tempting smells of a country kitchen.

The sofa, new when the kitchen was new and now an antique, still stands against the wall, flanked by straight-backed black chairs from which the years have almost erased a stenciled gold pattern. The huge bow-legged bathtub still squats in one corner by the stove. It is covered, except during the Saturday night bath parade, by a wooden lid and a blanket; John McLeod, Pearl's father-in-law, liked to lie on it when he was tired.

"Out of the great laboratories," says a sales brochure, "where researchers and engineers look far into the future, where fantasy is molded into reality, where tomorrow is as important as today . . . comes another dream for tomorrow—the amazing RCA Whirlpool Miracle Kitchen. Here, truly, are the appliances of the future . . . that perform fantastic chores and services at the touch of a button or mere wave of the hand."

When Pearl thinks of kitchen devices that perform fantastic chores and services at the touch of a button or mere wave of a hand she thinks, with an affectionate smile, of her father-in-law. John McLeod had no great laboratory, just a workbench. He wasn't a researcher or an engineer but he could fix machinery nobody else in Penobscis could fix and he invented for the fun of inventing. The drawers of Pearl's kitchen cabinet, which used to get stuck, open and close at the mere wave of a hand because John equipped them with tracks that roll on ball-bearings.

Once, John tied one end of a string to the clapper of an alarm clock and the other end to the trigger of a mousetrap. He ran a second string between the mousetrap and a switch that turned on an electric hotplate with a coffee pot on it. The idea was that when the clock rang in the morning it would spring the trap, flip the switch, and start the hotplate boiling the coffee. It worked until a kitten pawed the string and the trap closed on its tail.

John, a chunky man who looked as though he might have been carved out of Bay of Fundy granite, died in 1950. But in the changeless atmosphere of the old kitchen, where memories cling to every familiar object waiting to be set adrift in the stream of talk by a chance word or fleeting thought, he never seems to his son, George, or to Pearl, to be far away. Pearl can close her eyes and see John at the kitchen table sixteen years ago. Her first son, Wayne, was a few days old and John was writing Wayne's name at the bottom of a large sheet of heavy brown paper—a record of all the McLeods since William, a soldier from the Scottish Highlands, settled in New Brunswick. John had no vanity about his family tree. He simply believed, as a man who devoted his life to raising purebred cattle,

that pedigrees should be carefully kept.

Births, deaths and marriages are now entered on the sheet of brown paper by John's widow, Nina, who stays part of the year with George and Pearl and the rest with her other children.

At the top of the sheet under the name of William is that of William Jr., born in 1769, married in 1795. William Sr., according to the story that has come down, gave him a cow and a beaver hat for wedding presents and he traded them for the land at Penobscis, which was then wilderness and had been granted by the Crown to a United Empire Loyalist who didn't want it.

George and Pearl are the fifth generation on this land and their house is the third on the same site. It was built in 1861. A sawmill the McLeods had in those days, powered by a waterwheel on their brook, provided the lumber. George has a tattered receipt signed by John Geldart, master builder, showing that, excluding the lumber, the total cost of the solidly constructed house, with its fifteen high-ceilinged spacious rooms, was four hundred dollars.

"Without sacrificing one whit of its scientific precision . . . your New Freedom Gas Kitchen can be both charming and individual," says an American Gas Association pamphlet. "The right use of color does it! Not only adds warmth and personality—but actually works a kind of optical magic."

In the ninety-seven years since Geldart, the builder, packed his tools and moved on to his next job, nobody has worried much about the right use of color in the McLeod kitchen, but its charm, individuality, warmth, personality and magic have always drawn people to it while the front parlors have stayed empty and silent.

It has been the room where life is lived and tales are told and retold—the background against which the past is remembered. It is like a stage on which the history of the family has been acted out scene by scene, the characters making their entrances and exits by the door opening to the elm-shaded side yard.

Seventy-five years ago Winslow McLeod, George's grandfather, who had raised Shorthorns, bought a little Jersey calf, Daisy Bonheur, and led her to this door to be admired. Daisy was the beginning of the herd of seventy purebred Jerseys George has now.

After he'd arbitrated the bitter Quebec-Newfoundland dispute about the Labrador boundary, Chief Justice Sir Zeke McLeod of New Brunswick, George's great-uncle, came through this door to sprawl on the faded sofa in this room in his boyhood home and talk of how much deeper the snow had been when he was a lad, and how much taller the pines were.

Richard Chapman Weldon, first dean of the famous Dalhousie Law School at Halifax and another of George's great-uncles, also came often through this door. He was six feet three and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds and was a member of parliament and a phrasemaker as well as a teacher. In the McLeod



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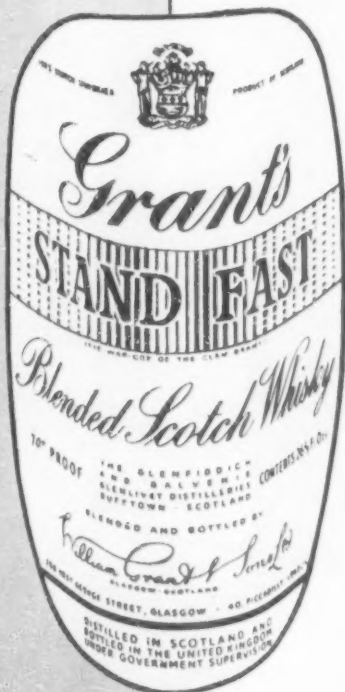
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Grant's

SCOTCH WHISKY

kitchen, with the critical ears of his kinsmen as an anvil, he hammered into shape such phrases as the one in which he said of the United States and Canada, during a controversy between the two: "They are a people of sixty millions, conscious of their strength; we are a people of six millions, conscious of our rights."

For years not even Richard Weldon's eloquence could persuade Winslow McLeod to allow fishing in the brook, which he had banned because nails left in logs by anglers who put together rafts had smashed the teeth of saws in his mill. One day looking through the kitchen windows at the millpond, the surface of which boiled with rising trout, Winslow had a change of heart. "Go ahead," he said to his son John, who was in his teens and had a friend visiting him. "Go fish it." Bursting with excitement, the two youths danced out the kitchen door to catch so many trout they had to get a horse and wagon to bring them back.

John ran out the kitchen door a few years later on an unhappy but memorable errand. His father, Winslow, had been stricken with a sudden serious illness and Penobsquis had no telephones. To summon a doctor, John drove Clayson, his father's trotting horse, eight miles up hill and down dale to Sussex in thirty-three minutes. After that, Clayson wasn't fit for racing, but news of the speed and endurance the horse had shown on the extraordinary trip spread through New Brunswick and horsemen sent their mares to Penobsquis from far and wide. Clayson's stud fees exceeded any purses he might have won at the track.

John McLeod, as a husky handsome young farmer, brought his pretty bride Nina Morton home through this kitchen door and their children, Helen, George, Ruth and Robert, learned to crawl and then to walk in this room, as John himself had. They pushed their toys around its floor and romped with the dog here and cuddled the kittens and licked the icing bowls and had their snow-caked clothing peeled off in the corner by the stove when they'd been out playing on a winter day.

George, the elder of John and Nina's sons, agreed in this kitchen that he'd help John run the farm while Robert attended high school in Sussex. When Bob graduated George was to have a year to travel, working as he went.

Bob did so well at high school he was offered a scholarship at the University of New Brunswick. He was determined to refuse so his brother, George, could go wandering. George was equally determined not to deprive Bob of the scholarship. Late at night in the old kitchen George, his parents and his sisters prevailed on Bob to take the scholarship. "Well," said his mother, Nina McLeod, who had ironed a basket of clothes during the family conference, "that's settled. Who'd like tea and doughnuts, or would you rather have milk and chocolate squares?"

George still intended to travel when Bob finished college. The farthest he'd been from home was the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto to represent New Brunswick in a junior cattle-judging contest. He wanted to see more of what lay beyond the hills of his valley. But, in Bob's final year, the war broke out. Bob, a member of the officers' training corps, was called up. In the kitchen at Penobsquis George told his father he planned to enlist in the army.

"When will we hold the auction, son?" asked John, who by 1939 was crippled by arthritis and using crutches.

"The auction?"

"Well," said John, "we'll have to sell the herd. I can't handle it alone."

The truth of this struck George like a punch. He thought of all the years and effort and hope that had started with Daisy Bonheur and built a herd of fawn Jerseys with soft brown eyes.

"I guess I didn't realize," said George. "We can't sell the herd."

George stayed with his father and early in the war brought blue-eyed Pearl Smith home as his bride—home through the door from the side yard to the kitchen. His older sister, Helen, had already departed through this door as a bride, and his younger sister, Ruth, soon would. Bob, who is now lieutenant-colonel

JASPER

By Simpkins



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commanding the reserve of the Eighth Princess Louise Hussars, and a Veterans' Land Act official, and lives at Hampton, N.B., fought in Italy and Germany. The war ended and one day, tall, straight, older and more military than the boy who had gone overseas, Bob walked in the kitchen door again. While Pearl and her mother-in-law, Nina, got out the doughnut crock and the cake tin and brewed tea, Bob sat on the sofa, asking questions about Penobsquis and answering questions about what he'd done. For a farm family, one of the things he men-

tioned had a special interest: in Italy, Bob's unit had rescued a wounded colt and the medical officer had patched the spindly animal up and the men had named her Princess Louise and smuggled her to Germany with them. She'd be transported to Canada as regimental mascot when they could find space for her on a ship.

Bob stood up, presently, and glanced through the window at the cattle zigzagging lazily through the green pasture. He said the herd was growing. By and by there would have to be a bigger barn.

John, his father, and George, his brother, nodded.

In 1949 John and George engaged a blind barn builder, Rutherford McFarlane, to erect a concrete, tile and metal barn two stories high and a hundred and eighteen feet long. They threshed out the details in the kitchen. When the work commenced men gathered from miles around to lend a hand, as neighbors will in a farming district. McFarlane assigned them tasks and skipped up and down shouting orders, seeming to know by a sort of sixth sense what everybody was

doing at a given instant and whether he was doing it right or wrong. In the kitchen Nina and Pearl prepared mountains of food for the volunteers. A year later, faces tear-stained, they again prepared mountains of food—food for a country funeral. John McLeod was dead.

One of the mourners was grizzled old John Wilson, Pearl's uncle, whose small tidy shack stands in the shadow of the big shiny barn on a patch of land the McLeods gave him permission to use. Wilson had boarded for years at The Corner, as the clump of stores, service stations and dwellings that is the centre of Penobsquis is called. After he'd passed seventy he entered the McLeod kitchen and announced that a man his age, without a wife, shouldn't try to live with other people—that he should keep bachelor's hall. The shack, which he put up himself, is Uncle John Wilson's bachelor hall, his clapboard declaration of independence. Sometimes if he's lonely he opens the kitchen door without knocking and takes a chair by the stove and sits there silently, departing with hardly a word when he feels he's had enough human companionship to last him for a while.

"At the touch of a button on your control panel," says the brochure describing the RCA Whirlpool Miracle Kitchen, "you can change the entire lighting and color scheme..."

Pearl McLeod's kitchen has no button to touch on a control panel—just a string to switch on a naked bulb suspended from the ceiling. But the lighting and color scheme in the room seem different in the evening. The sunset strikes the brook and bounces through the kitchen windows, as golden as clover honey, and the gold deepens to orange and red. Pearl has fed her geese and chickens, collected the eggs, washed the supper dishes. George and the children come in from the barn, the milking done.

In the pantry, with its flour barrel, its sugar bins, its shelves of flavoring and spices, Pearl kneads a batch of bread dough and covers it with a white cloth. At the kitchen table George studies the records that show the milk production of each of his cows. Penobsquis Valiant Pride, who took a Ton of Gold certificate for producing two thousand and fifty-eight pounds of butterfat in four years, is still going strong.

Pearl switches on the light. The children do their school homework in the kitchen and some young friends drop by and they practice square dancing—also in the kitchen. Pearl, a smile on her face, watches them across the ironing board.

Wayne, Donna and Dick ask if they may go to The Corner for a while with their friends. Pearl says they may if they won't stay too late. She writes their names on a piece of paper and ties it to the string of the light.

Katherine, the baby, is sleeping in her crib. Dale drifts off to bed, and Marilyn. George and Pearl McLeod have a cup of tea and eat chocolate squares and decide to turn in. They leave the kitchen light on.

Donna gets home. She crosses her name off the paper on the light string. Dick straggles in a little later and crosses off his name. Then Wayne comes in and sees, by the crossed-off names, that Donna and Dick are already home. He crumples the paper and pulls the string. The light blinks off. Another day has ended where it began—in Pearl McLeod's big old-fashioned pleasant kitchen, which is a vanishing kind of kitchen full of memories and life and laughter and tears and wonderful smells and comfort and warmth and toil and satisfaction and has no buttons to touch, no dials to twist. ★



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Trade secrets of the combines detectives continued from page 20

"Many businessmen regard the probes as legalized witch hunts"

case files are being opened every week.

The current investigation that is certain to stimulate the most heated debates, both in and out of court, is the four-year study of Canadian Breweries Limited—the company which E. P. Taylor in the last quarter of a century has built from an insignificant cluster of broken-down Ontario plants operating at a loss into the world's largest brewing concern, selling a million dollars' worth of beer every thirty hours. The case has been referred to counsel for prosecution, Justice Minister Davie Fulton announced in parliament last November.

Combines investigations have provided some spectacular illustrations of companies overcharging consumers, once they escape into the economic no-man's-land where prices are set by confidential inter-company memoranda rather than by the impersonal forces of competition. Justice Department agents have uncovered price-fixing agreements among the manufacturers and distributors of such commodities as oatmeal, fruits and vegetables, coffins, car accessories, matches, wire fencing, galoshes, quilted goods, eyeglasses, tires, flour, gasoline, bread, coal, cigarettes, toilet paper and false teeth.

In recent years Canada's anti-combines legislation and the methods of enforcing it have been the subject of bitter controversy among businessmen, many of whom regard the investigations as legalized witch hunts. "We need a good, effective and intelligible anti-trust law in Canada," says R. M. Fowler, president of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, whose members have been involved in six major combines enquiries, "where at the moment we have a bad, ineffective and unintelligible law."

Fowler and other business leaders claim that the existing statute is so difficult to interpret and the resultant trials are so lengthy and expensive that accused companies frequently plead guilty and pay fines on price fixing, even when they know they are innocent. They insist that the law is unfair because it provides for the publication of an investigation's details before a court rules on the guilt or innocence of the companies involved. Also, they do not agree that a combine should be branded criminal, whether or not its operation actually harms the public.

On the other hand, there are businessmen who back up the opinion of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the great British authority on anti-monopoly laws, who concluded after a survey: "All the Dominions have passed laws against trade restraints, but none are as complete or as effective as the Canadian law." Justice Minister Fulton answers the critics of the law he administers by stressing that it is not based on the assumption that Canadian businessmen are a group of unprincipled profiteers. "What we are trying to destroy," he says, "is the philosophy which in some areas seeks to substitute inter-company understandings for the rigors of business competition and its attendant benefits to the public."

Fulton and Fyfe praise the careful preparation of cases, but some Canadians violently condemn the costly, drawn-out nature of investigations. Combines trials have been among the longest proceedings in Canadian legal history. In the fall of 1948, for instance, the combines investigators noted that the prices of Canadian

writing, blotting and book papers were remarkably similar and that since 1935 only three new companies had joined the fine-papers industry. A full-scale enquiry was launched. Three years of searching through the files of the forty-five paper

mills were followed by two years of private hearings to gather oral evidence and allow the firms to state their defense. The transcript of these sessions numbered about a million words. The report charging Canada's fine-papers in-

dustry with having maintained a competition-restraining combine over the past seventeen years was issued in 1952.

The trial of the companies, in the Supreme Court of Ontario, began on Jan. 11, 1954. It lasted seventy-one days; more than twenty million words of evidence were submitted. The judge took five hours to read his ruling, which found most of the companies guilty. After a hearing before the Ontario Court of Appeal, the case reached the Supreme Court of Canada in the fall of 1956. This court delivered its judgment on



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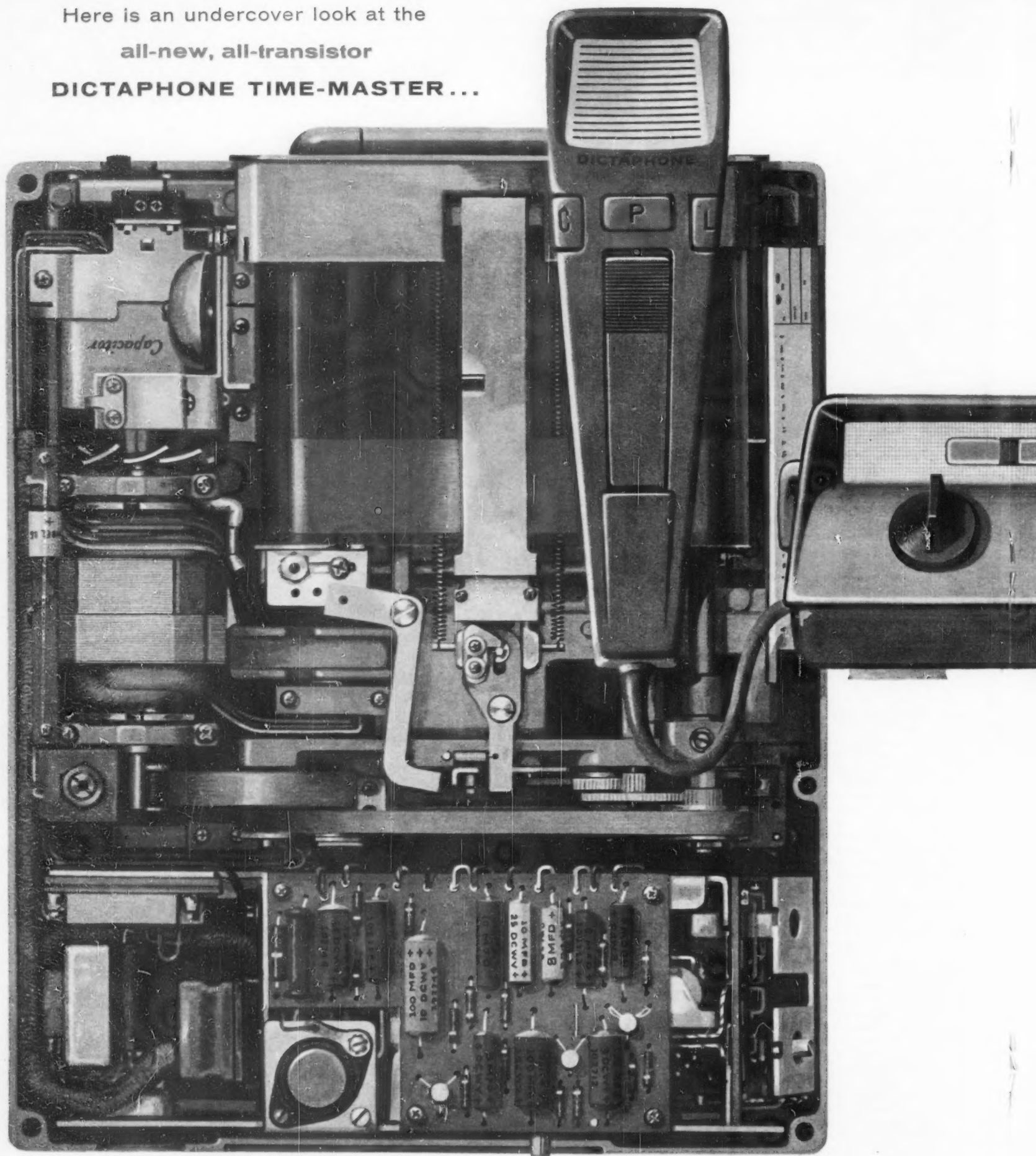
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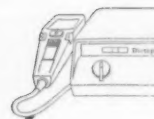
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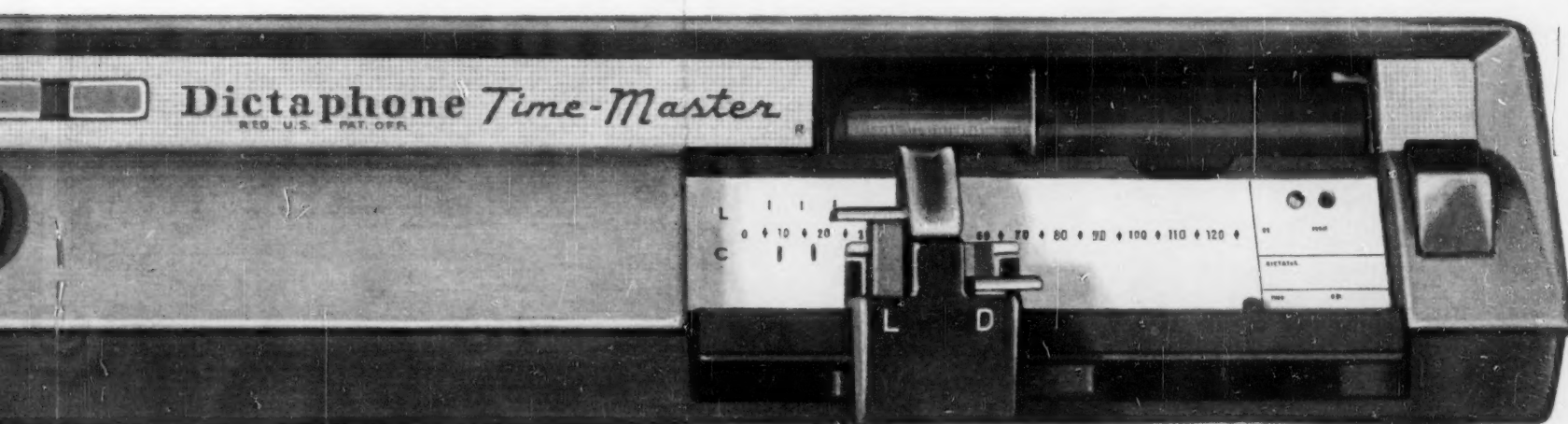
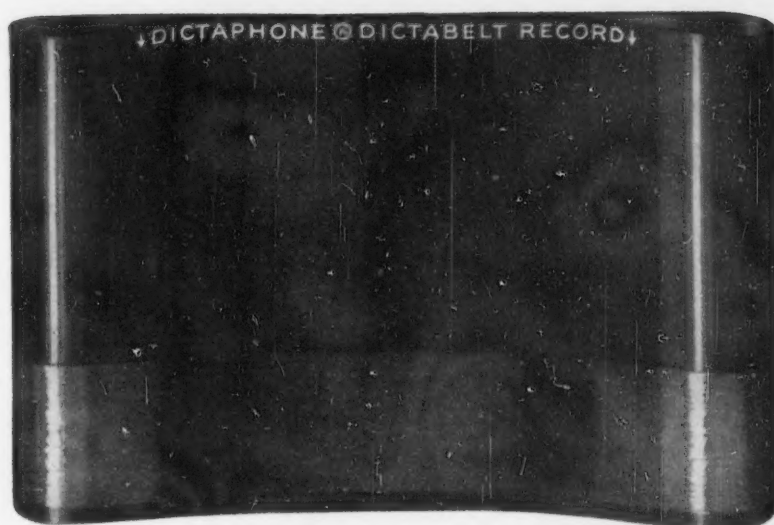
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May 13, 1957, confirming the decision in a twenty-four-page, single-spaced document. Twenty-seven of the fine-paper companies were fined a total of \$242,000 in November 1957—almost a full decade from the date of the investigation's beginning.

Although the trial re-established competition in the fine-papers industry it is not possible to estimate how much money this saved Canadian consumers. Prices seldom move down immediately after a combine is broken up. A frequent result is that less efficient companies in the industry, which had been supported by fixed price levels and the artificial division of sales territories, drop out. But that's a long process and often before it takes effect there are other factors which alter price tags.

Even unsuccessful combines prosecutions sometimes benefit consumers. A 1947 investigation into the manufacturers of dental supplies lost whatever legal force it might have had on a technicality, but the publication of the investigators' findings, which showed that dentists were being forced to charge a markup of more than a hundred percent on the plastic used in the making of false teeth, created enough pressure to persuade the manufacturers to cut prices, saving Canadians substantial amounts.

The investigating officers who uncover combines all have training in law, economics or accountancy. They're hired at \$4,560 a year, and at the senior-level salary of \$10,000 they're among the country's highest-paid detectives. The law has a seldom-used provision under which any six Canadian citizens can send these high-priced watchdogs into action by signing a complaint against an alleged combine. But most enquiries are initiated by T. D. MacDonald, the director of investigation and research, who keeps a running record of the fluctuations in Canadian commodity prices.

MacDonald is a precise, fifty-year-old lawyer known as Ottawa's most cautious civil servant. He uses words with the immaculate caution one might expect from the Scotland Yard inspector in a B-budget British suspense film. His scratched mahogany desk holds the branch's only gun: a flintlock-shaped paperweight. Seven years after his graduation from Dalhousie Law School at Halifax in 1933, MacDonald at thirty-two became the youngest deputy attorney-general in Nova Scotia history. He moved to Ottawa in 1949 as superintendent of bankruptcies for the Department of Justice, and a year later became director of combines investigation.

MacDonald works hard at educating Canadian businessmen to understand clearly the full anatomy of the Combines Investigation Act and to abide by its provisions. He startled the 1953 annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association by handing out a questionnaire with ten statements about his branch. He asked members to mark each true or false, and offered a bound copy of the act to every businessman scoring over eighty percent. He refuses to talk about the results, but officials at the gathering don't recall many copies changing hands.

MacDonald spends his typical day analyzing the documents gathered by his staff to determine the exact dimensions of restrictive practices in Canadian corporate behavior. Because most businessmen who participate in trade combinations scrupulously destroy written evidence, much of the available material consists of difficult-to-identify marginal scraps of paper they have forgotten to burn, and confidential inter-office memoranda.

During the 1952 investigation of a

combine formed by electrical wire and cable manufacturers, it was discovered that suggested pricing arrangements were circulated on onion-skin paper without letterhead. The lists were sealed in plain white envelopes and mailed with stamps, although the participating companies all had postage meters. Senders identified themselves by signing the first initial of their surnames. But even this recognition symbol was dropped as soon as the correspondents learned to discern each other's typewriter styles. These firms were convicted and fined the maximum ten thousand dollars each in 1955.

When MacDonald orders an industry investigated, Branch officials usually arrive simultaneously at the offices of the executives who head the suspected companies, so that they don't have time to pass warnings back and forth. The investigators' road equipment consists of extra copies of the Combines Investigation Act, a batch of large envelopes, paper seals, a ball of string, and search warrants signed by MacDonald. They quickly identify themselves, then instinctively head for the lower right-hand drawer of the president's desk—the most common cache for confidential correspondence. The presumption of business sin gives investigators the right to demand and seize all documents they judge relevant to their enquiry.

Evidence in the furnace

Businessmen who have tried to impede their work have found such tactics costly. During a 1954 investigation of electrical-equipment firms, combines officer W. R. McQuarrie searched the Toronto office of Arthur S. McCordick, the executive vice-president of the Moloney Electric Company. In the third drawer of his filing cabinet he found two folders of useful evidence. McQuarrie put the files in his envelope and fastened it with a red seal into which he impressed his initials. When he continued hunting for documents in another room, McCordick ordered the office janitor to chuck the envelope into the boiler-room furnace. McCordick was immediately charged with impeding a combines enquiry and a few weeks later sentenced by a Toronto magistrate to pay \$1,750 or spend six months in jail. He paid the fine.

When a combines investigator completes his search, he addresses the impounded material to himself in Ottawa, where it's microfilmed, then returned. While monopolistic tactics are usually thought of as involving only giant industries, the combines cops are equally concerned with small business. Last year an investigation revealed that a dozen Montreal and Toronto quilting companies had restricted competition by setting themselves sales quotas. Firms that exceeded their allotment had to pay a penalty of seven cents into an association kitty for each extra yard sold.

The court proceedings brought out the cloak-and-dagger tactics used by the quilters to enforce their agreement. When the Expert's Quilting Company of Toronto attempted secretly to widen its market, the other quilters hired a private detective to trace the goods. He shadowed them to the Belleville, Ont., plant of Deacon Brothers—a customer Expert's had recorded in its books under an assumed name. Following the private detective's report, the quilters' association fined Expert's fifteen hundred dollars. The court penalized the quilters only six thousand dollars for operating the combine, because it was felt that the companies were too small to afford a larger fine.

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combines legislation admit that it has been weakened by the relative insignificance of the fines imposed. Last January, for instance, eleven shingle manufacturers paid the courts the maximum fine of ten thousand dollars each for having operated a combine in the \$30-million-a-year asphalt-roofing industry since 1932.

"The maximum penalty of ten thousand dollars for profiteering under the Combines Act is not enough," John Diefenbaker said while in opposition. "If we told people engaged in robbery that we

would take a percentage of what they get, we would not be discouraging robbery." A 1952 legislative change allows the courts to penalize guilty corporations with unlimited fines. The provision has not so far been applied, because the period covered by charges against the combines prosecuted to date has usually spread back to before the law was altered.

Combines investigators point out that the fine is not the only punishment. The prestige of guilty companies suffers, and the Branch may recommend the removal

of an industry's protective tariff or patent rights.

After an eight-year investigation into the marketing of eyeglasses it was found that patents on frames in most common use were held by the American Optical Company. The firm was forcing Canadian optometrists to charge fifteen dollars for glasses costing \$5.80. The U.S. manufacturer sent shoppers around Canadian stores to prevent price-cutting attempts. Instead of prosecuting, the Combines Branch requested that the Attorney-General of Canada ask the Exchequer

Court to throw the patents involved into the public domain. This allowed other manufacturers to enter the market.

The type of business arrangement that most ruthlessly limits the entry of new manufacturers into an industry is the international cartel, which rigidly limits regional (and sometimes world) sales of commodities through absolute control of production facilities or raw materials. Professor V. W. Bladen, head of the Department of Political Economy at the University of Toronto, has estimated that more than half of world trade during the 1930s was subject to some form of restrictive agreement. The most savage example was the quinine cartel. Before the invention of synthetic substitutes during World War II, the world's five hundred million malaria sufferers depended on quinine made from the bark of Javanese cinchona trees. To maintain its high price, the quinine cartel's employees regularly burned half the harvest of the life-giving bark.

The international cartel with the most rigid control of its industry ever uncovered in Canada was the wooden-match monopoly. It was formed by companies associated with Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish millionaire who owned a hundred and fifty factories in twenty-eight countries producing sixty-five percent of the world's matches. In 1923 Kreuger bought a match plant at Berthierville, Que., from the Rockefeller family and four years later merged it with the match business of the E. B. Eddy Company at Hull, then controlled by R. B. Bennett. This made the Swedish financier's newly formed Eddy Match Company Canada's only wooden-match producer.

The fighting brands

As competing plants were established, Eddy flooded their sales areas with under-priced brands. Several Canadian match companies tried it; all went under. Columbia Match Company, which set up a large factory at St. Johns, Que., in 1929, was for a while the most successful competitor. "No doubt you will watch their efforts and see that they are carefully attended to if they attempt to take any of our business," G. W. Paton, the president of Eddy, instructed A. G. Woodruff, one of his vice-presidents, in a confidential inter-office memo soon after Columbia's incorporation. After three years of battling Eddy's low-priced "fighting brands" Columbia was forced into the bankruptcy courts. Eddy executives secretly purchased the plant and operated it as the Commonwealth Match Company.

Eddy was convicted as a monopoly in 1951. Because the company had maintained the firms it absorbed as separate corporations—to give the appearance of competition within the industry—the fine totaled eighty-five thousand dollars instead of the usual maximum. But Eddy's grasp on the Canadian market was not splintered. A section of the law providing for the break-up of monopolies was not yet in force. While Eddy continues to dominate this country's wooden-match business, its position was seriously weakened by the 1953 recommendation of the Combines Branch that Canada remove its twenty-five-percent protective tariff on matches.

The breweries case, due to reach the courts later this year, is expected to cause even lengthier debate than the three-year-long legal proceedings revolving around Eddy Match. The report of the investigation into E. P. Taylor's brewing empire was tabled in the House on June 9, 1955, by then-Justice Minister Stuart Garson. It states: "From the date of its

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incorporation in 1930, Canadian Breweries Limited has pursued a deliberate planned program designed to place the company in a dominant controlling position in the brewing industry." The company has absorbed about thirty breweries in Ontario and Quebec during the past twenty-five years. The report admits that "Canadian Breweries Limited is not today in either substantial or complete control of the brewing industry . . . to the detriment and against the interest of the public," but warns the company not to buy out any more breweries.

The prosecution of Canadian Breweries will focus interest on current monopolistic tendencies. But the monopoly is not an invention of modern business. Early social scientists regarded competition as evil and un-Christian. Adam Smith, the Scottish economist, held an opposite view. He wrote in 1776: "People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public."

Canada in 1889 became the first nation to legislate against the modern type of industrial combine by adding a section to the Criminal Code directed at the then-flourishing monopolies in oatmeal, stoves, barbed wire, coal and coffins. The first Combines Investigation Act was written and guided through parliament in 1910 by Mackenzie King, then minister of labor. A further revision of the act in 1923 set up a permanent investigating organization, headed by King's private secretary, F. A. McGregor.

The most sweeping probe of Canadian business buying and selling habits was the 1935 Stevens Commission. It showed price fixing to be far more widespread and pronounced than most people had suspected. Among this commission's most spectacular discoveries was the fact that forty-cents-a-gallon aviation gasoline was being sold as cleaning fluid for the equivalent of sixteen dollars per gallon. One result of the report was the addition to the Combines Investigation Act of a section which prohibits wholesalers and manufacturers from discriminating between customers through preferential discounts and other devices.

Despite the widely publicized findings of the Stevens Commission, the Thirties nurtured Canada's most rigid combines, including price-fixing agreements in the glass and rubber industries. The glass arrangement was an international cartel which cut up supply of the Canadian market among Belgian, English and American producers. Enforcement was so tight that when Canadian automobile manufacturers tried to buy a greater portion of their glass from England under the 1932 preferential tariff, they were told they could not get more than in the previous year, regardless of their higher price offers.

The main glass companies pleaded guilty to combines charges in 1950. They paid the maximum ten-thousand-dollar fines but insisted that they had not exploited consumers. Crown prosecutor T. N. Phelan charged that during 1928 they had forced Canadians to pay one third more for the two million dollars' worth of glass purchased than they would have under competitive conditions. "It must be assumed," he said, "that these excess profits have continued to be taken from the unsuspecting public for the past twenty years."

The rubber combine involved the domestic manufacture of tires, galoshes, fan belts, garden hose, and dozens of other items. When in 1952 MacDonald charged twenty-three of this country's leading rubber manufacturers with having operated six separate price-fixing

agreements for the past twenty years, the crown prosecutor estimated that the firms had illegally extracted about twenty million dollars from Canadians.

MacDonald's report showed that the manufacturers of rubber footwear, for example, had not only agreed to observe identical prices, but also had set up elaborate sales-quota arrangements. Companies which exceeded their allotments had to pay part of the surplus sales value to firms which failed to meet their quotas. Every manufacturer had to make a large deposit at a central office as proof

of his allegiance. Most of the companies involved in this and the other rubber combines were fined ten thousand dollars. During their trial the Toronto fire department complained that it had just received four identical tenders for rubber hose.

A case that focused even more national attention on the work of the Combines Branch was the report charging a price conspiracy among Canadian flour millers. When Ottawa took the controls off flour on Sept. 15, 1947, the millers immediately raised prices by identical

amounts. F. A. McGregor, who was then commissioner, dispatched a squad of combines investigators to impound the minutes of Canadian National Millers Association meetings and the correspondence of its members. The official association minutes showed no price discussions. McGregor claimed that they were dummies and that in the files of the millers he found copies of the real minutes, clearly recording price-setting talks.

The flour-milling investigations turned out to be the most contentious in the Branch's history. The law then required

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that combines reports be made public within fifteen days of their printing. The yellow-bound copies of the findings landed on the desk of Justice Minister Stuart Garson on April 22, 1949. Parliament prorogued on April 30 for a general election without cabinet action on the report. The ministers had split on the issue. C. D. Howe insisted that the millers' actions were in keeping with the orders of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. When the government refused to release the investigation's findings even after the election, McGregor resigned in protest, on Oct. 29, 1949.

The report was finally tabled in the House of Commons nine days later. The opposition benches exploded. George Drew demanded that the Liberals dissolve parliament over the delay. "In 1649," shouted M. J. Coldwell, the leader of the CCF, "an English king was beheaded for doing exactly what the government has done." The flour millers were not prosecuted, but the controversy prompted the setting up of a committee under Mr. Justice J. H. MacQuarrie of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court to review combines legislation.

As a result of this committee's report the Branch was split into a directorate of investigation responsible for gathering evidence, and the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, headed by C. Rhodes Smith, a former attorney-general of Manitoba. This commission hears the evidence of the investigators and the suspected companies, then recommends on the advisability of prosecution to the minister of justice.

The study following the flour case also urged the abolition of resale price maintenance—a practice which had allowed manufacturers to set the retail selling price of their products. The retailers who didn't obey had frequently been deprived of their dealerships. Since being implemented by parliament in 1951, the change has brought about reductions totaling millions of dollars in the prices of appliances, cigarettes, drugs, and

brand-name foods. Danforth Radio, a Toronto appliance dealer, cleared out 833 General Electric floor polishers (more than all the retailers in metropolitan Toronto ordinarily sold in a month) during a three-day sale in 1954, at \$33.85 each. G.E.'s suggested list price was \$54.50.

The perpetual stalking of the combines investigators protects Canadian consumers against manufacturers who attempt to re-impose control over retail prices. In 1956 Moffats Limited, a Toronto appliance maker, was fined five hundred dollars for trying to cut the advertising allowance of George's Appliances Limited in Toronto, because the store was selling refrigerators with a suggested list price of \$469 for \$299. Parsons-Steiner Limited, the Canadian distributors of Royal Doulton china and porcelain, had to pay a thousand-dollar fine in 1954 for attempting to impose set profit margins on retailers in Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia.

This case involved the combines agents in tracking down the regional price similarities of some typical Doulton figurines. Their report reads like a fairy tale, dealing with the pricing adventures of Jersey Milk Maid, Goody Two Shoes, Sweet and Twenty, Lady Charmain and Blithe Morning.

An even more bizarre touch was added to the Branch's routine when investigators probing the flour-milling industry discovered, among the documents seized from the Quaker Oats Company of Canada, a description of the tendering procedure for a U.S. Army contract during the building of the Alaska Highway.

The American colonel in charge of purchasing found that six Canadian flour mills had submitted identical bids. He took a deck of cards out of his desk, and after several cuts eliminated four of the six millers. Then he and a lieutenant cut the deck again: the king of diamonds won the round for Quaker Oats by beating out the ten of spades which had turned up for Lake of the Woods Milling. ★



How the Dutch sold Canada on tulips

Continued from page 23

"Plant them right side up; you can't go wrong"

market for Canadian bulbs as well as imports. In this case helping their competitors bothers them little; the Pacific coast is the only section of Canada with a suitable climate for growing tulip bulbs in commercial quantities, and the amount of land available there for bulb culture is small. About sixty-five growers are banded into the B.C. Bulb Growers Federation. They sold five million bulbs last year, of which 1.75 million were tulips. But their variety of tulip strains is limited, and though they are selling more bulbs every year they're not a threat to Dutch domination of the trade.

Theoretically the pre-eminence of Dutch bulbs is based as much on variety as quantity, but this may be a nicety most amateurs ignore. "Home gardeners don't usually buy tulips by their breed," observes Theodore Zellerth, who is the manager of Ontario's largest Dutch bulb importer house. "In Canada at least they buy them by their color. Red tulips are most popular, then white."




It follows, Zellerth says, that the most popular tulip of all with Canadians has long been the Red Emperor, an


early-blooming flower with a huge brilliant blossom. This taste may be changing; the Dale Estate at Brampton, Ont., which is known for its roses but also sells a million imported bulbs a year (and force-grows another two million to sell on the cut-flower market) sold more William Pitt bulbs this year than any other breed. The Pitt is a red member of a group known as Darwin hybrids, whose great size and convenient blooming date—the first two weeks in May—make them the most popular group of bulbs here.

Darwins are also the easiest bulbs to grow, but all tulips are hardy plants. "They just come up natural," importer Zellerth says. "You can't go wrong if you plant them right side up."

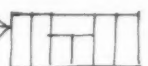

Zellerth and his Dutch colleagues have managed to sell more tulips to Canadians every year for a decade. Canada is now Holland's sixth largest market for bulbs, and in bulbs-per-person we're her third best customer. Last year this added up to a million and a half dollars worth of bulbs, according to the Dutch, but the sober figures of

Why fir plywood builds a stronger, tighter house and improves re-sale value

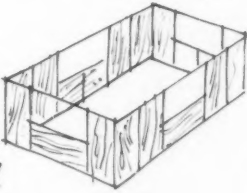


What makes fir plywood so strong? Thin veneers peeled from selected Douglas fir logs are laid with the grain going  then hot-pressed together in a variety of thicknesses and grades with waterproof glue (you can boil fir plywood in water  it won't come apart) This cross-laminated construction gives fir plywood  great dimensional stability.

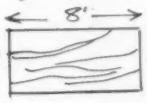
Most finishing materials don't ^{add} real strength to a house. This means that a well-built house must have its strength built in before the finishing materials are applied. That's what fir plywood sheathing does... it strengthens as it builds ...supplies the house with muscles.

Walls... Push wall frames here

→  and they go like this 
but not if you sheathe them with big rigid panels of fir plywood (this is called "resistance to racking")

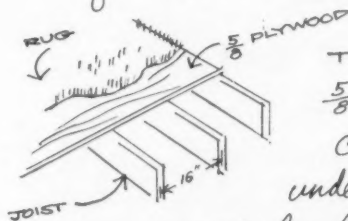
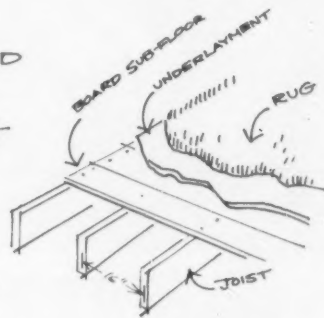
Put a house together

like this → 
with waterproof glue plywood sheathing and there's less likelihood of annoying cracks  showing in your plaster after  you've moved in.

ALSO because fir plywood ^{panels} are big  and cover a lot of area with a minimum of joints you get a tighter, more draught-free house that's easier to heat.

Floors... THE OLD METHOD

is to use boards for sub-flooring then put underlayment on top of the boards to make a smooth surface for tile or linoleum.



THE NEW METHOD is to lay $\frac{5}{8}$ " fir plywood panels as combined sub-flooring and underlayment. For flexible tile and linoleum there's no better base, no smoother surface than fir plywood... ALSO you are permitted to include wall-to-wall carpets as part of the house cost for mortgage purposes.

Roofs... Because fir plywood has a large smooth surface you can lay any roofing material on it you like and without cupping or ridges appearing to mar the finish of the roof.

To sum up: For a stronger house, a well-built house, a quality house... specify quality-controlled **FIR PLYWOOD SHEATHING**

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Raven hair, brown eyes, likes men . . . (especially well-dressed men). Has an uncanny instinct for good taste in clothes (her own and her husband's). Enjoys life, interested in sports and outdoor activities. Approach with caution . . . the suspect reacts dangerously to a man wearing a Bluestone shirt.

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Has all the marks of distinctive tailoring and fine fabric found in every Bluestone shirt. Exclusive satin shoulder lining; the smartest, neatest collar on the market today. For positive identification, check the famous Bluestone label. Whoever finds this shirt (or any Bluestone shirt) will be well rewarded.

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the Dominion Bureau of Statistics list our total expenditure at \$600,000. Which ever figure is correct, this means we're setting out millions of Dutch bulbs every year. All of them—as well as the lion's share of all the tulips planted each year anywhere in the world — come from a fifty-mile strip of North Sea coast between The Hague and Alkmaar in the Netherlands.

In April and early May this is the flower garden of Europe; tens of thousands tour the blossom belt on foot, by bicycle, bus, canal boat and helicopter. The fields are riotous with color —some reds so intense in the sunlight that workers stripping the blossoms (so their strength drains into the bulbs) are blinded, temporarily but painfully.

"Now comes the important time," says Walter Roozen, harried, hustling advertising director of Holland's Associated Bulb Growers, whose family has grown bulbs for three centuries. Now the bulb is forming, deep in its fleshy layers, a flower in miniature.

July is the time for lifting the bulbs, for cleaning, drying and storing. In August they're shipped; Canadian plant inspectors, their expenses paid by the Dutch, rush up and down Bulbland, as the strip of growing country is called, okaying consignments that once were held up for days on Canadian piers. Then the bulbmen fan out around the world, stolid practical salesmen peddling a highly impractical product, the luxury they have made a necessity. Once they sold only to British mansions and French chateaux. Now every Canadian home owner is a target. In a hundred countries they sell three billion bulbs a year for a hundred million gardens; in Toronto alone there are a hundred Dutch firms competing.

The variety of strains they offer is bewildering. The Dutch breed new flower styles as the French set feminine fashions. Every week all summer long, in a garden at Hillegom in front of the million-guilder Bulb Exchange, breeders unveil a half dozen new creations, "novelties." Exporters and growers try to gauge their sales appeal. If they all like the same flower its price will double, triple, quadruple by day's end.

One shrewd buy, with a lot of luck,

can set a man up for life. In 1904 a venturesome plant hunter, Joseph Habrhauser, led an expedition into the Samarkand mountains to collect rare wild red tulips for van Tubergen, a bulb firm in Haarlem. Here, Dirk Lefeber, a young and aggressive grower, saw them and bought some. One flower in particular obsessed him. "The most elegant shape and best color I have seen," he describes it. In twelve years he had fifty beds, and over the next few years, using ingenuity as a salesman, his bulb sales made him rich. Later the van Tubergen firm, too, hit the jackpot with the bulbs that the firm kept, bulbs known now as Red Emperor, the all-time Canadian favorite and probably the most famous of all tulips.

Even for an expert, breeding a new strain is tricky. The flower's shape must be perfect, its petals thick so they won't wilt. Its color must be sunproof. Its stem must be sturdy, its foliage narrow to limit the space it takes up. It must force well—bloom early when grown inside. It must produce—beget plenty of saleable offspring. Finally, it must be better in some way than any existing variety. A breeder needs an artist's color sense, a midwife's instincts, and the long-suffering patience of a nursemaid.

"It's a crazy business," a highly reputed breeder named Bram Warnaar told me. "Our flowers have been crossed so often you never know what comes up. You cross a white with a black, you may get a yellow. Maybe that is its grandfather's characteristics showing up. Or its great-grandfather's. Who knows?"

"Who sets styles?" I asked.

"You're asking me? Maybe the fashion merchants in Paris have something to do with it. You pick up the paper and see the craziest-looking things. I tell my wife, 'I hope you don't buy something like that.' A few weeks later she is wearing it. Maybe the crazier women's styles are the more crazy flowers can be."

Sometimes nature will cross a fashionable new breed where skill fails. "One Saturday morning a few years ago," Warnaar told me, "I came on my farm with the wages to pay the men. They were taking the heads (plucking the





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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name..... (Please print!)

Address.....

City..... Prov..... MAC310

blooms) off Whiteley Gem, a single-cup narcissus, very pale. I said to the foreman, "Wait a moment!" Here was one with a full double orange cup. If I hadn't been on the spot we might not have got it."

Last year an American importer, scouring Holland for new flowers, spotted this new narcissus, Royal Orange, and bought Wara's entire 1958 crop in advance.

Royal Orange is a mutation, "a sport" which is one of Nature's mysterious whims. Parrots are sports: freakish, frivolous, feathered tulips with notoriously weak stems; the Dutch call them "monstrosities." One day in 1900 one was found with a rigid stem. It earned the Noordwijk firm of de Graaff a hundred thousand guilders. Any mutation of a standard is money in the bank. A black tulip will make its finder's fortune overnight.

Some growers produce their own sports by injecting bulbs with poison. And bulbman Nick Blokter tells of a friend, now dead, Dr. W. F. de Mol: "I remember the Doctor saying to me thirty years ago, 'Why do you find, in hundreds of thousands of red tulips, one that is white? I think it must be that cosmic rays change the order of the chromosomes. Why can't we imitate this?' And he did. He bombarded tulips and hyacinths with X-rays. The City of Amsterdam gave him a laboratory and ten assistants and he would plant his mutations in my fields." Blokter looked out his window. Snow was falling though it was spring. "Even on days like this I could not get him in for coffee."

Promiscuous plants

I asked who carried on the work.

"Unfortunately, no one. All that remains is his publications. I have over a hundred of his mutations. Three or four, I think, are the most beautiful tulips I have seen, long-stemmed, white, mauve, with frilled edges. I have only been growing them ten years. I have not even named them yet. It will be ten years more before we are ready to sell. Too bad his work was dropped. He could even predict the color."

It was de Mol who warned that promiscuous inbreeding of flowers might someday bring about their deterioration. If so, breeding can start all over again, for at Limmen, near Alkmaar, Blokter has preserved the original floral strains that are no longer grown; bypassed in the search for bigger, brighter, earlier-blooming and longer-lasting varieties. Blokter keeps these "originals" in his Hortus Bulborum or Bulb Museum—150 hyacinth strains, 700 tulips.

Here are the flowers the Crusaders saw growing wild by the roadside in Turkey. It was a Turk who named them after his turban (in Turkish, *tulban*) because he thought they looked like his headpiece upside down. An Austrian diplomat brought one home in 1560. By the turn of the century bulbs had found their way to Holland and were on sale throughout the country.

The ladies of Paris made tulips the rage and nobles bid up the price till a one-flower corsage was selling for two thousand dollars. When a seventeenth-century nobleman gave his daughter a dowry of two tulip bulbs she proclaimed herself "the luckiest bride of the year." Bulbs were staked against mansions in gambling games. Duels were fought over whose lady's tulips were fairest. A brewer traded his business for a bulb called Tulipe Brasserie and tried to clean up by growing more; he ended as

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a vatman in the brewery he had once owned. Bulbs sold for more than diamonds and a runaway boom hit Holland as butchers and bakers and cheesemakers quit their jobs to grow their fortunes.

"Tulip mania," the Dutch called it. For three years beginning in 1637 it ran wild. There is record of a barter of a bulb for a load of grain, four oxen, twelve sheep, five pigs, two tubs of butter, a thousand pounds of cheese, a suit of clothes and four barrels of beer. When the bulb bubble burst it brought ruin to thousands. Riots broke out and the government stepped in to settle thousands of bankruptcies and lawsuits.

Yet it was the tulip mania that publicized Holland's bulb business and showed the Dutch they had the right combination: sandy soil, sea breezes, and a low even temperature. Dutch sailors and merchants brought back bulbs from their travels abroad — daffodils from Greece, hyacinths from Spain. Dutch breeders sent plant hunters into the mountains of Persia for tulips. And Dutch salesmen went clumping out, tactless, sometimes impudent, always persistent. They thrust pictures of their flowers in front of seedsmen, florists and gardeners, pointing a horny finger at the price. If that didn't sell, out came a photograph of their needy family. Never were Dutch families, notoriously large, so large as then.

Their three centuries of building was threatened in 1917. Eelworms ruined the crops that year. At this point the government called in Dr. Egbert van Slogteren, "The Professor," a burly, bearded expert in botany, anatomy, morphology, physiology, genetics and pathology, who was then a young reserve army officer.

With one helper he dissected bulbs by the hundreds, finding out incidentally that when a bulb was "resting," as growers thought it was between lifting and planting, it was really at its busiest, reproducing. He also discovered that hot water killed eel worms.

Their hot-water bath did the bulbs no harm; some even flowered sooner, and out of his curiosity concerning this phenomenon grew van Slogteren's life-long work: making bulbs defy Mother Nature. In his lab at Lisse bulbs now bloom when he wants them to: retarded by refrigeration or speeded up by baking.

Van Slogteren's lab now reproduces the climates of thirty countries, and although The Professor has never seen Canada he has done more than anyone else to make Canadians flower-conscious. He has added two weeks to either side of their blooming period here; we now have bulbs that bloom from mid-April through May. In the relatively mild climates of southwestern Ontario and the B.C. coast the early-blooming bulbs are becoming particularly popular, led by the Mendel and Triumph breeds. And Canadians can now buy bulbs that flower indoors for Christmas. With these fresh possibilities attracting home gardeners, bulbs are now bought like groceries in supermarkets.

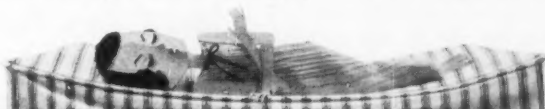
Prices have come down with rising sales and Dutch immigrants have flooded in, bringing with them their love for flowers.

But Dutch bulbmen intend to go right on knocking at our door, convinced they are doing us a favor while they're doing business. The Dutch have come to believe that growing a plant stands for something special in life, a sort of link with the eternal, a clinging to what is natural in a profusion of man-made things. ★

Caught off guard, are you slumped like this?



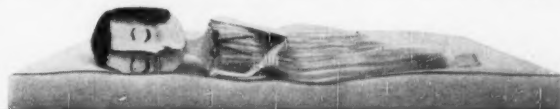
A too-soft bouncy mattress that you sink into, doesn't relax the muscles of your back. So they grow wearier, weaker, often ache in the morning. You tend to slump; you feel older and look older.



...when you want to look and feel like this?



On a Sealy Posturepedic Mattress you sleep with your body aligned so your back muscles can relax and regain their tone. No bedboard hardness. You sleep in comfort. Better posture is a plus!



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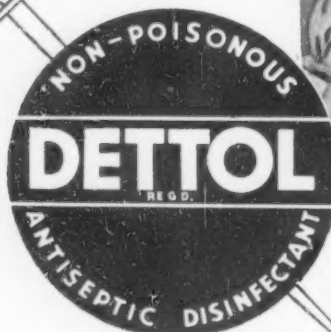
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What are you serving?

Consommé, a chicken à la king recipe of Nancy's and cherry pie.

M'm-m'm!

We'll drink wine and eat by candlelight

Sounds good and expensive.

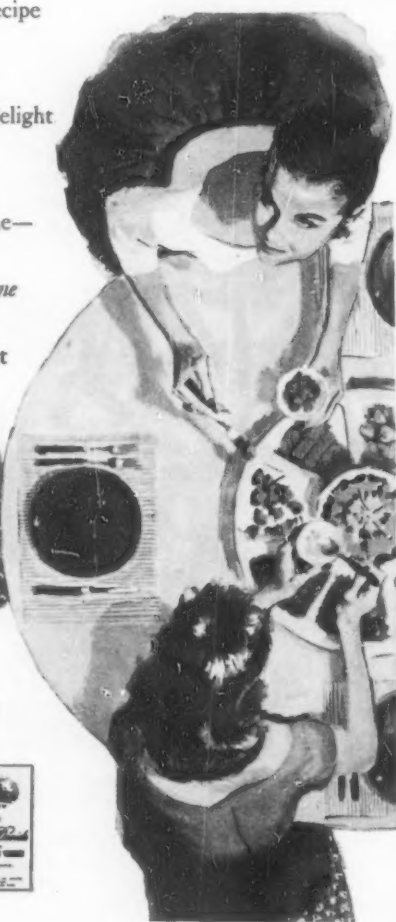
Good—but not expensive. It's Manor St. Davids white table wine—that little finishing touch.

Manor St. Davids? Isn't that the wine Nancy Pope served last week?

Certainly is! She's the hostess that taught me the mostest!

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If you glance through "Bright & Cherry Recipes" you'll never be without it. Write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Que. for your free copy.



**Should you send your
child to camp?**

Continued from page 24

rains for two days and she writes home that everything's soaking wet and she hates her cabin mates and there was horrible old fish for dinner and she wants them to come and take her home. The next day the sun comes out and there's roast beef for dinner and the girls in her cabin are her bosom friends for life. But what about her mother and father back home, worrying themselves sick over her letter? She says she has talked frankly to parents about censorship, and they've told her they'd rather not know about every miserable little moment in their child's camp life, not, at least, until it's over. If anything serious happens they expect the camp director to get in touch with them immediately.

A camp director who's against censorship, and the majority I talked with fell into this category, holds that parents have a right to know the truth about their children.

He says, "At camp, a boy is up and about for fourteen hours a day. For thirteen and a half hours he's busy and happy; then, after supper, he sits down and writes a letter home. In that half hour he is lonesome and he says so. Naturally his parents are disturbed."

This man advises parents to wait a few days, see what the next letter says, and then get in touch with the camp if they feel it's still necessary. If the homesickness persists the child may have to go home, but there's a feeling that this is hardest on the child himself, who can't help but realize that he has failed in a relationship that other children have succeeded in.

Camp directors claim that some children write wildly imaginative letters home.

"I just thought I'd tell you I have measles," one boy wrote his mother. A frantic telephone call to camp established the fact that everybody was fine and healthy, including her son.

"I can't write you a letter because my finger is infected," a little girl penciled briefly on a postcard home. Since she was enrolled at a camp that censors mail, the camp nurse was able to add her own postscript: "Sue had a sliver in her finger. It is not infected. She is playing baseball right now."

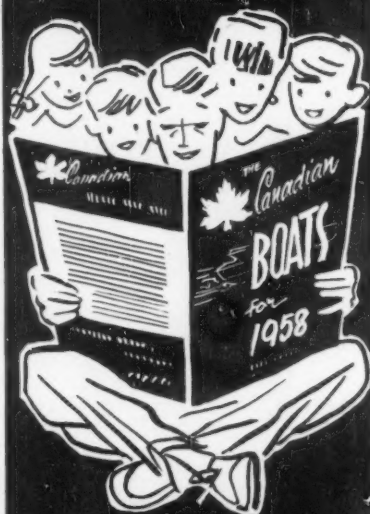
Many camp directors believe that if any letters ought to be censored, they are the ones coming into camp from thoughtless parents, which aggravate a child's natural loneliness at being away from home.

One mother hit the jackpot with this letter: "We are at your grandfather's cottage for a whole week. He has a beautiful new outboard motor. Too bad you aren't here to enjoy it with your cousins. We had chicken for dinner, and your favorite dessert, apple pie. Are you having fun, John darling?"

It is suggested that parents who want their children to be happy at camp should write one or two cheerful letters a week, omitting all mention of lonesome pets and happy times at home. "Lucky you,

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Occupation

Number in Family

to be out in the country where it's cool. Especially since all your friends are away too," is a good starter.

I've concluded there's no way for me to tell in advance whether my two young sons will like camp, hate it, or simply tolerate it. Some children are what camp directors fondly recognize as "born campers," eager to get unpacked and on the go, and friendly and co-operative in everything that comes up. Other children stare resentfully at their surroundings and reluctantly unpack their bags. Camp directors say, "You can tell in your bones that this is their first and last time at camp."

But here a lot of intangibles enter the picture.

For one thing, a boy who was a good camper last year may be a bad camper this year, for any number of reasons. Perhaps he liked a counselor last year who didn't return this year, perhaps he didn't pass at school and is still worrying about it, perhaps he's recently acquired a dog and misses him at camp. Perhaps his best friend stayed home this summer, or perhaps his mother is having a new baby and he feels rejected.

The second year of a child's camp life is often crucial. Camp directors explain that the first year a youngster comes to camp he learns to swim and to paddle a canoe. He makes new friends and it's the first time he's ever been away from home. The next year he expects to find the same thrills. Naturally, they aren't there. But the third year he's over the hump, and from here on he's apt to be an enthusiastic camper.

Who should stay home?

Some children are misfits at camp for personal and painful reasons. One boy I heard of was so allergic to fish that his head swelled up and he broke out in an ugly rash whenever it was served for dinner. Another boy was allergic to birch trees. A girl with surgical scars on the inside of her legs found it a real ordeal to undress and go swimming with the other children. Bedwetters have a rough time from those who share their cabins, even if their counselors try to protect them, and some counselors don't. Some boys are entirely ignorant of sports like baseball and can't stand the taunts of the other children.

Psychologists say there are children who don't benefit, and may actually be harmed, by going to camp. Among them, they list:

- ✓ The child who is too young to be part of a group all the time. Some five- and six-year-olds require time to be by themselves occasionally.
- ✓ The insecure child. A youngster needs to feel completely secure at home before he can free himself for an away-from-home experience.
- ✓ The child who has severe difficulty in abiding by reasonable limits and controls. Regardless of good supervision at camp, he may get into trouble or danger.
- ✓ The disturbed child who is sent to camp to get over being disturbed.

Dr. Mary Northway, of the Institute of Child Study in Toronto, says of this latter type, "Camp can be the worst thing in the world for him. He's being thrown into a situation where the necessity to adjust is all-important, and he's bound to fail. He may retreat still further, or he may develop bizarre behavior that puzzles everybody around him."

The child who is above all an individual may not enjoy camp much. One lad with an IQ bordering on genius is still remembered vividly at a certain camp where he turned up one summer, spent most of his time rigging up a working

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telephone from his cabin to other cabins, then went home and never returned. His camp director says, "The world has been greatly advanced by individuals, but they're often just not the camping type and the sooner their parents recognize it the better. If your child has been to a good camp and doesn't want to go back, don't force him. But I don't think you should take no for an answer if he's never been to camp and doesn't know what he's missing."

What is a child missing by not going to camp? Is a camp better than a summer cottage, and, if so, why is it?

Psychologists like Dr. Northway feel that camp is a wonderful experience for most children. They point out that at camp a child has a close relationship with children his own age. He has a chance to compare his values and try out his social skills. He's an important part of a children's world at camp, not—as he sometimes is at home—a minor part of an adult world. The child at camp learns new skills, new independence, new beauty in the world of nature. Life at camp is orderly and busy. Counselors

initiate boys and girls in new kinds of fun, new adventures. The food tastes better spiced by hunger and healthy exercise. Memories take root and sometimes last a lifetime—of Circus Day, the Pirate Invasion, Peter Pan Night, Regatta Day, the Children's Opera, the flickering campfires, the marshmallow roasts, the songs, the laughter, the quiet prayers at the edge of the wilderness, the unknown trails to be followed, the nights spent under the stars.

"A good camp keeps a child busy and happy and gives him something to re-

member all his life," a camp director told me. "Most important, it's the first step away from home and a valuable part of growing up."

Psychologists and camp directors use the phrase "a good camp" easily. But choosing one, I discovered for myself, is a problem. Technically, camps are divided into two categories: profit camps, and nonprofit camps — camps run by churches (denominational or interdenominational), by agencies like the YMCA, YMHA and Neighborhood Workers, by service clubs like Kiwanis and B'nai B'rith, and by organizations like Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, many of which are privately endowed or partially subsidized. Good nonprofit camps have three things to recommend them: the organizations running them are interested in children on a year-round basis; they usually have an enrollment of children from every income group; and the price is right—seldom more than sixty dollars for an average two-week camp period, and often less.

Parents living in British Columbia, the prairies, or the Atlantic provinces, where there are relatively few private camps, will likely find their decision involves only a choice between the nearest Scout, Guide, church or Y camp. In many parts of Canada, camps have recently been organized for handicapped children. Parents of youngsters with special needs will probably ask themselves merely, "Shall we send Johnny to camp or keep him at home under our own care?"

Choosing a private camp is a different story. What started out thirty years ago with half a dozen enterprising physical-culture instructors taking a few older boys tenting in the woods has mushroomed into a highly competitive, million-dollar business with a strong educational slant and plenty of frills. There are about four hundred private camps in Canada today, most of them in Ontario and Quebec.

A parent can go mad turning the pages of the 1958 Ontario camp directory and mentally fitting a child into a big camp (two hundred or more children), a small camp (fifty or fewer children), or an in-between camp (about a hundred children); into an all-boy camp, an all-girl camp or a co-ed camp aimed at providing "healthy boy-girl relationships in a natural setting;" into a junior camp designed to meet the special needs of the child from three to eight, or a ranch camp where the emphasis is on horses instead of swimming. Each camp quotes a different price (anywhere from twenty-five dollars a week to six hundred dollars a summer) and every camp director has his own personal opinions on how a camp should be run.

The first point of disagreement comes when you ask, "How old should a child be to go to camp?"

Answers range all the way from three to eight years old.

"Younger than eight, a boy doesn't fit into our program too readily," explains one camp director. "We expect a boy to make his own bed, hold his paddle correctly, learn to swim and remember the parts of a boat. If we have to help him all the time we're taking valuable attention away from the older boys who can get the most out of camp. So eight is our minimum age."

The director of a large co-ed camp takes children as young as five. He says, "We're big, but our activities are decentralized and the smaller children follow their own program with their own counselors. This makes it handy for parents to visit all their camping children the same visiting day, and the younger ones are saved from loneliness by the presence

WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE



Deadly accuracy—nothing less—is demanded of both gun and eye. This is a trait that one who lives by alertness carries over into his daily contacts.

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of their older brothers and sisters."

The controversy is partly simplified, partly complicated, by the junior camp, a fairly new thing, designed as a stepping-stone to senior camp. Most junior camps have slower-paced activities, a blander diet, more counselors per child, and "family atmosphere" to make the young child feel secure.

Even in the field of junior camps there are differences of opinion. Some camps have what's called "a continuing program," requiring campers to stay at least a month, while other camps operate on a day-to-day basis. The director of a continuing-program camp explains: "Anything less than a month is useless. Why, it takes a week for a small child to find his way to the dining room when the bell rings for dinner! It takes a month to learn to row a boat, swim a bit, make something in handicraft class." But the director of a day-to-day camp says, "It's better that a child should come to camp for two weeks and like it than for a month and not want to come back. Sometimes what could have been a good camping experience is turned into a bad one because a child stayed too long."

Once you've definitely decided to send a child to camp and have equipped yourself with three or four names of suitable-sounding ones, how do you choose among them?

"If you were a parent trying to choose a camp for your child, what would you do?" I asked fifteen camp directors.

Without exception, they specified three steps they'd take:

1. Meet each camp director and have a good talk.
2. Ask for a list of parents whose children had gone to camp recently and talk to them about it.
3. If possible, visit the camp in action the year before sending the child.

"I never fail to be astounded by parents who are willing to send their children off for the whole summer with somebody they've never met and barely heard of," the director of an old and established girls' camp said. "I'd make sure I met the camp director if I had to travel two hundred miles to do it. I'd ask myself: What's this woman's motivation in running a camp for girls? Naturally, she wants to make money out of it,

but that shouldn't be all. I'd want to be sure she had a real interest in girls."

"Motivation is immensely important," agreed the leader of a boys' camp. "The difference between a good camp and a mediocre camp is the quality of its staff. I'd be interested in how my child's camp director chooses his counselors. Does he simply look for bright young men on the strength of their accomplishments in swimming or archery or dramatics, or does he look further than that for qualities like warmth and sympathy and a genuine liking for kids?"

Hearing over and over again how important good leadership is, I kept wondering why provincial governments haven't inaugurated some sort of meaningful licensing of camp directors and staffs. Mrs. Eanswythe Flynn, executive secretary of the Ontario Camping Association, told me, "As things stand now, all you have to do to start a camp is live in a farmhouse and open the front door. In they'll stream."

Some people, out to make a fast buck, have done just that. Last summer a parent visited a camp that had issued a

glowing brochure of its varied activities, and found her young son engaged in farm labor. The irresponsibility of some camp directors is amazing. A few years ago, an American director brought a large group of children to northern Ontario on a camping trip, ran out of funds, and went back to the U.S., leaving the children stranded. A camp director told me he had dismissed an unsatisfactory counselor a few years ago and was shocked shortly after to hear that the same young man was starting a camp of his own. Still later, he heard of his arrest on



THE PROFESSIONS: 10

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a charge of collecting money under false pretenses.

Some people who enter the camping field in all honesty, liking children and meaning well, are inexperienced, unskilled and unaware of the tremendous responsibility of caring for other people's youngsters for weeks and sometimes months. Last summer, after several complaints had been received from parents concerning a camp run by a well-known charitable organization, inspectors from one provincial department of health visited the camp site and found what they termed "far too many children" lodged in one two-story farmhouse with a single staircase leading downstairs. In case of fire, the children would have been trapped upstairs and probably burned. By nightfall the young campers, much against their will, had all been packed into buses and sent home. Yet the organization which had set out to give city kids a country holiday had acted from the best of motives. They were just inexperienced in a field where inexperience can be fatal.

In an attempt to protect children and their parents from this kind of inexperience, six provincial camping associations—in British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia—have devised their own set of minimum standards concerning health and sanitation, medical supervision, emergency transportation, swimming and boating safety and leadership requirements. The Ontario Camping Association has also set up a code of ethics for camp directors. However, they admit it has no teeth since membership in their organization is voluntary and not all camps choose to belong. Even for members the code is more of a gentlemen's agreement than a set of rules.

Once a parent is satisfied with the leadership at a camp, he can proceed to talk with other parents whose children have been there. Here, what's one man's meat may be another man's poison. One father I talked with was irritated because his children came home from a small sectarian church camp singing endless hymns and playing Bible Baseball—a table game with moves based on Biblical characters. Another father might have been delighted.

Some parents send their children to Scout and Guide camp because they want them to cook their own meals, sleep in tents or under the stars, and look for adventure and self-reliance in a primitive setting. Other parents shudder at the thought. "Just because they're at camp is no reason they have to be uncomfortable," they insist. The camp they choose has sailboats and horses and indoor flush toilets and an expensive chef to turn out fancy desserts.

Happily, most good camps are somewhere in the middle.

However, some idealistic directors of private camps feel there's a long way to go before they can run the kind of camp they'd like to run. They believe the day may come when private camps will have to be endowed, identified possibly with a university and staffed by students who would get credits for counselling.

In the meantime, we parents will just have to choose the best camp we can find at a price we can pay and hope it will all turn out for the best.

As a camp director told me at his spring reunion, standing in the middle of a milling throng of noisy boys, "Listen, you can grow up normal without ever going to camp."

Overhearing him, one young sprout added his own tagline.

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How to plan your retirement continued from page 29

Managing money is a skill. When you need it you have to pay for it — but find out how much

plan out of spending money. If you earn ten thousand dollars a year and contribute a thousand dollars to a registered retirement plan, you enjoy an income-tax saving of \$240. Hence the net amount of extra cash required is only \$760. But if you are not already saving \$760 a year, joining any plan will force you to raise this amount. This may be a hardship. However, many people are already saving through share purchase, annuity, and other investment plans. You should investigate the possibility of converting your present savings plan to a form under which it will qualify for tax relief.

The second item of cost in any plan is the cost of administration and management. Money management is a skill, like legal service, and when you need it you have to pay for it. In addition, trustees and insurance companies have fixed operating costs which must be covered. The fee charged for these services is normally small in relation to the amount of money at stake. Hence you should not allow your decision to be swayed by small differences in charges. On the other hand, you should calculate how much of your savings will eventually come back to you, and how much will be swallowed up in costs of administration.

Q. If I decide to join, what individual plans are available?

A. There are a variety of plans now being offered by various companies. There are two major types of investment programs: trustee plans and insured plans. Under the first, the trustee says, in effect, "I will manage your money with all possible prudence and skill, and return it to you, with interest, at your retirement date. But I do not guarantee that you will receive any particular amount." Under the insured plan the company signs a definite contract with you, promising to pay a specified sum at your retirement date.

Q. What are the usual features of insured plans?

A. In return for a fixed payment every year until you retire, insured plans guarantee you a fixed monthly income after retirement. Such plans are sold by life-insurance companies, by the department of labour in Ottawa and by the Province of Alberta. When buying them you do what any sensible person does when

he buys a car. That is, you shop around until you find the greatest protection for the lowest premium.

The premium rates and the income to be paid after retirement are fixed by contract now. If the present inflationary

trend continues, all pensions paid in fixed dollar amounts are likely to prove inadequate when paid. On the other hand, if we enter a period of deflation, their buying power may be more than adequate. Nobody knows what the value

of the dollar will be ten years from now.

With an ordinary annuity, you will lose money if you make the mistake of dying soon after the payments begin at sixty-five. To correct this, most people buy an annuity with a guarantee. Under

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the guaranteed plan you get a promise that the annuity will be paid for 10, 15 or 20 years, whether you live or not. A variation of this is the last-survivor annuity, by which the annuity is paid as long as either you or your wife continues to live. Both the guaranteed and the last-survivor type cost more money to buy, but they are useful in many cases.

Q. What kinds of trustee plans can I buy?

A. There are four main ways of accumulating pension funds under trustee

plans. They differ in the degree of risk and in their expected earnings.

1. *The guaranteed plan:* Under this plan the interest rate allowed is guaranteed, not to retirement date, but for a shorter period such as five years. At the end of that period a new interest rate will be set depending on business conditions at that time. In addition, the principle sum itself is guaranteed, that is, your fund will get back exactly the same number of dollars you put in, plus the interest earned over the period.

2. *Fixed-income plan:* Your money is

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Allan A. Lamport, chairman, Toronto Transit Commission—"Canada should have toll highways in the same way as the United States, for certainly they have proven successful there. There is no valid reason for not having toll highways, because people could use them if they wished to. Those who did not could use the same routes they are using today.

"Toll highways offer a great many advantages to the motoring public, particularly in safety because the controls provide smooth-flowing, uninterrupted, long-distance travel and thus protect the motorists from serious driving hazards.

"However, I wish to point out I do not advocate for one moment toll highways in the place of our present system. My view on toll highways is that they are an extra and a luxury, and it is democratic to make them available to those who wish to use them. I, of course, do not advocate them within cities. Their destruction of assessment all along their routes in cities is injurious, rather than an advantage."



Eric Hardy, director and secretary, Citizens Research Institute of Canada—"Unless certain conditions are met, toll roads are not, in my opinion, justified and I see no present place for them in Canada. Acceptable alternative routes should first be available, particularly for local traffic. The toll roads themselves must readily accommodate and attract a heavy volume in order to keep tolls low, hold down collection costs and pay off debt in a reasonable time. If more money is needed for additional road capacity, gasoline taxes and motor-vehicle license fees should be increased to obtain the extra funds from users and trucking licenses could be revised to place more of the burden on such heavy vehicles."



S. D. C. Chutter, general manager, Canadian Construction Association—"Federal-provincial co-operation is a better solution to the problem of financing Canadian highways. The present economic scope for toll highways is very small simply because minimum traffic requirements are not met in Canada. Quebec is committed to build a toll road from Montreal to St. Jerome and it will be interesting to see if it pays off. U. S. experience has been very mixed. The only other stretch with a high traffic count is Windsor-Hamilton-Toronto-Oshawa, and this already has the Queen Elizabeth freeway. Bridges are another matter. Mountainous B. C. has high road-building costs and its toll bridges are perhaps justified. People will likely also be prepared to pay tolls on Ontario's Burlington Skyway."

A five-dollar bill goes to John Reid, Leslieville, Alta., for submitting this question. Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay \$5 for each question accepted.



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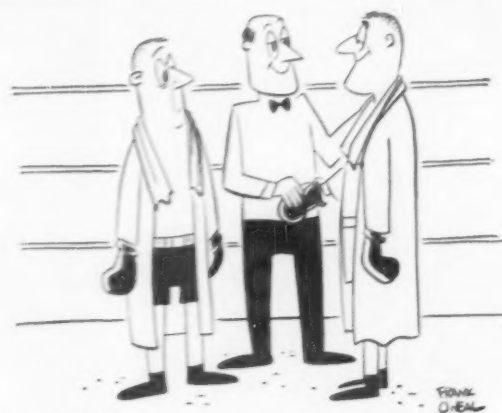
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put into a portfolio containing govern-
ment and municipal bonds or industrial
bonds or mortgages, or a mixture of all
four. Since bond and mortgage interest
is a fixed charge, it is possible to pre-
dict accurately what the income will be.
The principal is not guaranteed, but is
relatively safe.

3. *Equity plan:* Your money is put into
equities (common and preferred shares)
of going corporations. You actually be-
come a part owner of the companies.
This is highly enjoyable when times are
good and the particular companies you
buy are making money. If this happens,
money put into a good equity plan will
grow much faster than any other. But
common stocks are notoriously subject
to sinking spells. If business is bad and
companies are losing money, an equity
plan will do worse than the others.

4. *Balanced plan:* In these your money
is put into a mixture of fixed-income
securities such as bonds, and equities or
common stocks. The goal of these bal-
anced plans is to achieve a measure of
safety and certain income through the
bonds, and, at the same time, have a
chance of increasing capital through
successful investment in common stocks.

Q. What do I need to know to plan my retirement?

A. A good pension plan is an individual
thing, created specifically to suit the
needs of one person. In order to get
a plan that suits your needs and pocket-
book, you will first have to answer some
questions. These, in order of increasing
difficulty, are:

1. How old are you? If you are young,
trusteed plans, and especially those con-
taining common stocks, may appeal be-
cause the long-term trend of the Cana-
dian economy seems
to be up. If you
are nearing retirement
age, the certainty of
the insured plan may
have more appeal.
2. How much do you
earn? The more you
earn, the more risk
you can afford.
3. How many depen-
dents have you now?
4. How many depen-
dents will you have
later? Make an intelligent guess.
5. What will be your earnings pattern
over your working life? Some profes-
sions like medicine and the law show
earnings that begin late and modestly,
but climb to high levels and last past
seventy. Other occupations have high
earnings early in life but drop off rapidly.
This obviously makes a difference in the
kind of pension plan needed.
6. What kind of person are you? This

is the most difficult question of all, since
most of us don't know much about our-
selves. For example:

What is your taste in risks? Some people
can't sleep nights if they take risks. But
risk is inescapable, no matter what you
do with your money. So you have the
choice between risks that show and risks
that don't show.

If you lose, do you prefer to lose
money prudently, in a way that is accept-
able to solid citizens, or to lose it in a
speculative way? If you prefer to lose
your money prudently you will favor
a trusteed plan that is guaranteed, or an
insured plan.

How do you feel about inflation? The
kinds of risk you assume in a pension
plan depend on your views about infla-
tion. People who bought annuities in
the thirties using dollars worth 100 cents
are unhappy today when they are being
paid off in dollars worth 30 cents. But
maybe in the next two decades the pen-
dulum will swing the other way.

Q. In any plan, what determines how much I get at retirement?

A. The income you will have to live on
after retirement depends on three factors:
the number of years you have contrib-
uted to your retirement fund, the
amount in dollars you contributed each
year, and the rate of return on the cap-
ital invested. To maximize the first fac-
tor you should start building up a retire-
ment fund at the earliest possible age.
To improve the second factor you should
put aside from current income as much
as you can conveniently spare, without
actually impairing your present living
standards for benefits that may be mythi-
cal. The importance of the third factor
is shown in the following table.

IF YOU PUT ASIDE A THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND

If your investment plan earned (capital appreciation plus interest) an average of	the total at age 65 would be	and this amount would buy an annuity of
3%	\$36,459	\$2,960
6%	\$4,864	4,550
9%	\$4,700	6,900

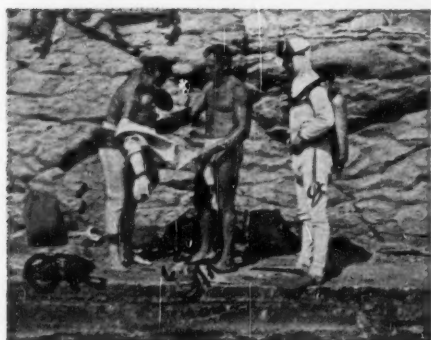
This shows that good investment man-
agement is vital to your savings fund.

The choice of a retirement plan that is
suitable for you, like many other finan-
cial decisions, is complicated by emotion-
al factors that are to a large extent be-
yond your control. But by studying the
various plans available, and then choos-
ing the one that is closest to your indi-
vidual needs, you can maximize benefits
and avoid major pitfalls. ★

I Picked the Lock on

DAVY JONES' LOCKER

1 "You're a slave to the clock 13 fathoms down in the murky blue depths of the Mediterranean," writes Don Elliott, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Off the French Riviera, I explored a sunken Greek argosy with Raymond Magrelli. After 15 minutes, Magrelli signalled me to surface. Just then I spotted a pot-bellied earthenware jug, or amphora, as the Greeks called it. To stay below was dangerous. But I wanted that jug."



2 "Don't overstay your limit," Georges Barnier had warned us when we donned our flippers, 'lungs' and suits. But here I'd found the first perfect amphora. I hated to leave it so I kept on working."



3 "Carried away by my own enthusiasm, ignoring the danger sign of drowsiness, I somehow managed to get my salvage to the top. 'A beauty!' Barnier cried. Still intact, the amphora had waited 20 centuries for me to recover it. Experts told us it dated back to 53 B.C."

4 "The amphora was empty. 'You'll enjoy *this* far more than its musty old wine' said Barnier, as he poured Canadian Club. These old wine jugs are found in the Mediterranean area, but I find Canadian Club wherever I travel."

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But it was there! As a matter of fact, son, she bought that particular bathing suit *because* it had a Lightning tag on the zipper. You see, Lightning is a name she trusts. A woman just can't afford to have a zipper fail, whether it's on a bathing suit, evening gown or purse. And when it's Lightning, it can't fail—ever!

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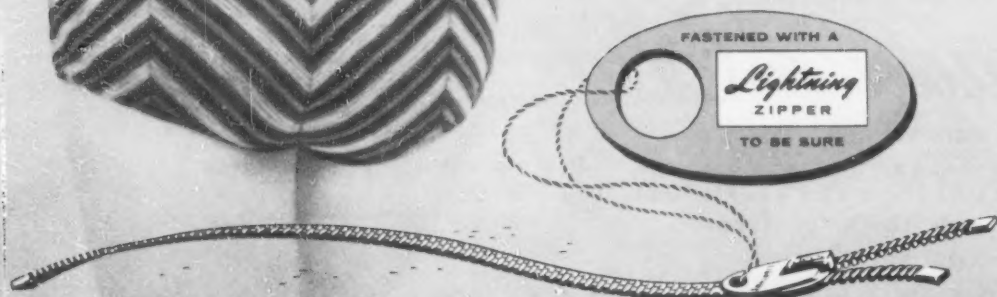
In short, any garment or product with

this Lightning tag on the zipper

is quality-made.



*The nicest (and finest) bathing suits
all wear this Lightning tag.*



LIGHTNING FASTENER COMPANY LIMITED, ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.



Director
Jean
Gascon

Continued from page 19

Why the world wants more of the

Théâtre du Nouveau Monde

know any better than to enter the International Festival of Dramatic Art in Paris opposite the best offerings of over a dozen big-time nations. The offerings included a pair of prestige, half-million-dollar productions from the U.S. that featured Judith Anderson and Mary Martin respectively. But the TNM was ranked with the Peking Opera and the famous Berliner Ensemble as a top attraction by some of the best critics in the world. *Le Monde*, one of the two leading Paris dailies, reported, "The New World Theatre has presented one of the best productions of the Festival." Invitations from all over the world began coming in immediately.

The TNM also showed some insouciance in its choice of entry. It didn't know any better than to present three farces of Molière's, the great French satirist, right under the nose of the Comédie Française, the stern custodian of the pure Molière tradition. It was a mad success. At least one Parisian liked it to the point of embarrassment. At a garden party given jointly for the TNM and the Comédie Française a hapless matron approached an actor and said, "I remember seeing you play in Montreal, and I think your company is much better than the Comédie Française." The actor she addressed was, unfortunately, a star of the Comédie Française. He bowed gravely, however, and passed along the compliment.

They live the part

The individuals that make up the TNM company are as worldly as their acting, as debonair as their choice of repertoire—and probably as exotic, to the middling-sensible English-speaking Canadian, as their current project.

For one thing, they dress flamboyantly. An English-speaking actor in Canada is apt to wear clothes that range from sober to scruffy. But Jean Gascon, thirty-five, founder and artistic director of the TNM, is renowned throughout Quebec for his rich Italian-style suits, cut narrow in lapel and leg. Thus clad, with his battered nutcracker face and the elegance of a fencing master, he *looks* like a star. Gascon, in fact, is so sophisticated that he owns neither radio nor TV set, never reads a newspaper, and talks dispassionately about his nervous breakdown, which occurred just after he went to Paris to study acting in 1946. He had just thrown up a career in medicine a few months before graduation.

TNM actors also behave like stars. An English-speaking actor may conduct himself with the public decorum of a bank manager. But Jean-Louis Roux, co-founder and secretary-general of the troupe, has a temperament and makes no secret of it. Perhaps the most famous Roux outburst occurred before the formation of the TNM in 1951, when local critics panned a Roux production of a Roux play, *Rose Latulippe*. Roux, a cricket-thin man with a bony, freckled face and a scar on his cheek that reddens

when he's angry, lost three thousand dollars of his own money on the flop. When he encountered the most scathing critic, Rolland Côté of Le Canada, in a local restaurant, he tongue-lashed him so searingly that a Parisian bystander was heard to muse, "I just arrived in Montreal today. It is a very interesting city."

Another thing that angers Roux is the public's determination to identify him only with his role as Ovide, the intellectual Plouffe boy, in Roger Lemelin's weekly TV soap opera, *The Plouffe Family*. One memorable night his entrance in a TNM production of *Don Juan* was entirely canceled by an excited whisper from the front rows: "That's him, that's Ovide!" Still bitter, he says, "It was like being doused with a bucket of ice water, that."

Three other members of the present company appear in *The Plouffe Family*: Huguette Oligny, who plays Danielle Smith, Denyse St. Pierre, who plays Tootsie Duquette, and Denise Pelletier. Miss Pelletier, the tempestuous and talented daughter of a Montreal notary, plays Cecile, the shrewish married daughter. She once threw a tantrum, in the café of the Ritz Carlton, because a friend hinted she had not been sufficiently dowdy in the most recent installment. She's equally capable of throwing a tantrum at the suggestion that she, personally, is dowdy at all. Miss Pelletier was chosen one of Canada's ten best-dressed women last year.

In fact most TNM actors regard the Plouffe series as a pretty quaint and colloquial picture of French Canadians. They prefer to think of themselves as cosmopolitans.

Members of the company tend to holiday, when they can snatch time, in such urbane resorts as Cannes or Acapulco or Paris. Besides culture and the equatorial sun, they love sleek cars, high-cookery, fine wines — and Montreal. Huguette Oligny, for instance, threw up a promising Hollywood career a few years ago for precisely that reason. Miss Oligny, a Doric girl with dark brows and a cloche of copper-colored hair, was just about to start a film with Miriam Hopkins when she suddenly got homesick, threw it over and came home. In Paris in 1955, the black-haired, goggle-eyed comedian, Guy Hoffmann, a charter member of the TNM, was courted by both the Comédie Française and the Théâtre National Populaire. Though he had been born and schooled near Paris he preferred to return to Montreal.

Let English-speaking actors stay in Toronto, be businesslike, put up with blasé English audiences, live private lives,



Who is it?

This Canadienne first made herself heard by tootling her own flute. Turn to page 65 to find out who she is.



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"The fans don't want their stars to be ordinary — and they're not. They're whimsical and flamboyant"

eat English-style cooking, worry about money and pretend they're sane, normal people just like everyone else. This sort of thing is not for the TNM players.

A TNM business meeting is apt to break up with coffee, cognac, and a private showing of a German movie. And in spite of such inducements, Gascon, the director, is so little businesslike that he has been known to forget two meet-

ings of the company, both in a single day.

A TNM stage performance is apt to break up with whistles, stampings of feet, cries of "Bravo" and other turbulent forms of audience approval. Gascon, the director, said recently, "We are lucky: French-Canadian people *care* about the theatre." They are equally enthusiastic rooters for the stars as individuals. They bone up on the actors' activities, castes,

hobbies and amorous skirmishings in the weekly French-Canadian fan magazines, recognize them on the streets and frequently ask for autographs. They do not want their stars to be like ordinary people.

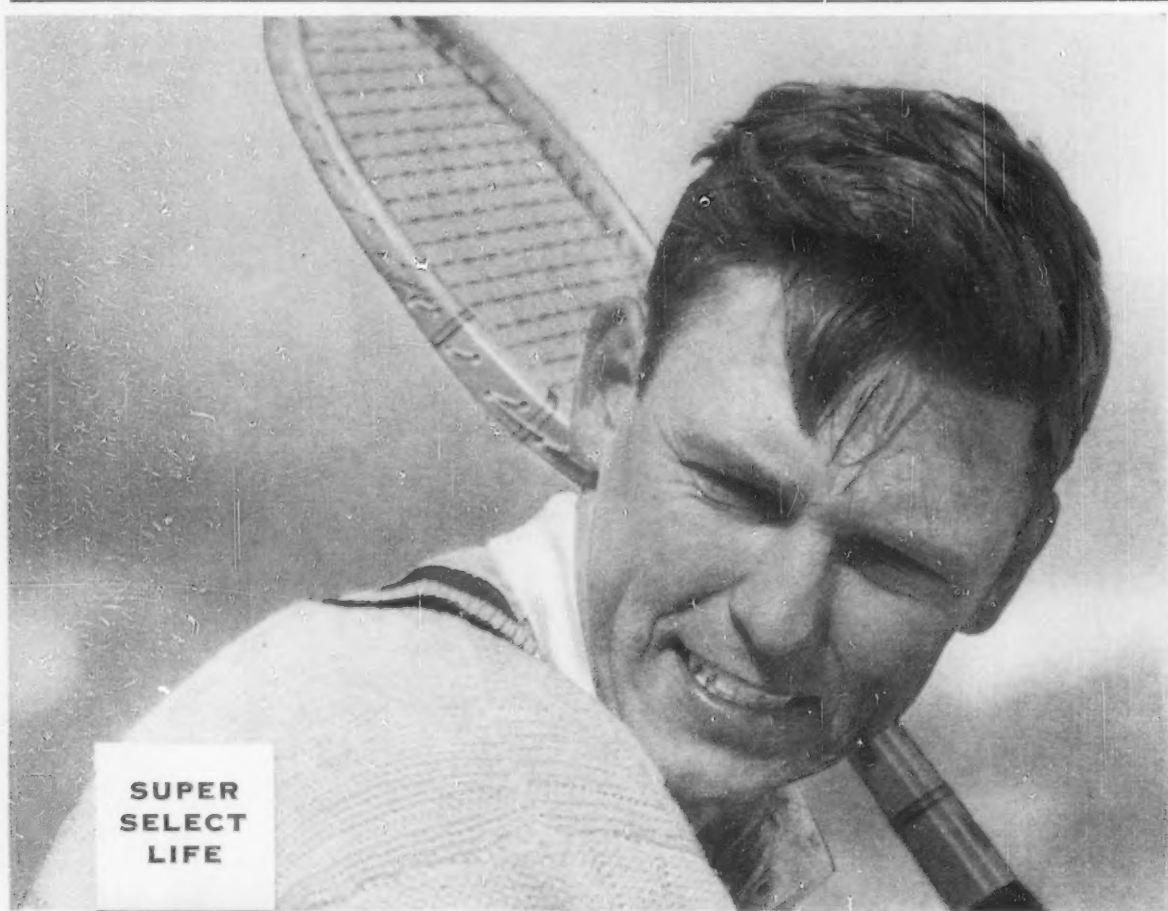
Fortunately the TNM actors are whimsical to the point of outright superstition. Roux reports that his fetish is the elephant. There are miniature ele-

phants everywhere in his home, including a crockery one with a philodendron on its back, and a grey plush one that he calls "Gris-Gris," a corruption of the name for a voodoo charm.

Hoffmann, who has the pink-and-white complexion of a girl, the squat body of a village butcher and the turbulent soul of a clown, has a deep curiosity about such disquieting subjects as astrology, psychometry and psychic phenomena.

And he has a palate so fine that in Montreal, a city of superb restaurants, only one, *Chez Son Père*, meets his exacting standards. He prefers to stay at home and do his own cooking.

The company's collective Epicurism has involved it in at least one crisis. In 1956 the TNM contributed several members to the French court in the Stratford Festival's production of *Henry V* and, on the side, presented four afternoons of Molière farce at a Stratford motion-picture house. The crisis concerned the Stratford cuisine, a subdivision of Canadian railroad-town cookery. To pernickety Montreal palates it was unspeakable. Furthermore the local liquor outlet stocked only paltry imported or domestic wines. The French Canadians were al-



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We think our boy will be a playwright.
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A wretchedly unhappy childhood.

P. J. Blackwell

most in open revolt against their hosts.

Guy Hoffmann solved the situation by renting a house and sharing it with Jean-Louis Roux; Jean Gascon rented another house for his family; Roux made an overnight trip to Montreal to lay in a decent communal cellar; other actors and actresses combed the local markets and greengrocers. For the balance of the season they messed together in one or other of the houses, and took turns concocting *vol-au-vents* or *canards-au-sang*.

Asked how the troupe liked its stay in Stratford, Jean-Louis Roux is apt to look incredulous: "Three months in a little Ontario town?" he snorts. Then reprovingly: "We like to be 'appy."

Yet the TNM is forfeiting six months of Montreal felicity for its current theatrical point-to-point. Of course, there are passable restaurants in New York, where the TNM opened on April 26, there are superlative restaurants in Paris, where the TNM will again take part in the International Festival of Dramatic Art, in May; there is an outstanding cuisine in Brussels, where the TNM will appear as the sole envoy of Canadian theatre to the world fair, in June. But in July the troupe is again booked as a fringe attraction at the Stratford Festival, and from then till November it will tour the leading cities across Canada. "Where is a good place to eat in Edmonton?" Denyse St. Pierre asked fearfully not long ago. And for next year the TNM is juggling invitations to culinary question marks like Yugoslavia and the USSR.

TNM actors, however, are prepared to sacrifice not only cooking but comfort, money and time for their art. Though minimum rehearsal time for a TNM production is six weeks, the actors get

G-6579

no rehearsal pay; they work at night and on weekends, since that is the only time left over from bread-and-butter jobs in radio and TV for most of them. During a play's run they are paid according to an erratic scale that works out to between twelve dollars and twenty-five dollars for each performance. And each production usually means foregoing a lucrative TV job or two. Roux and Miss Pelletier are dropping more than three thousand dollars apiece by missing six episodes of the *Plouffes* during the tour. Miss St. Pierre and Miss Oligny forfeit smaller but substantial sums.

For most of them, being on stage is the big thing. Georges Groulx, a charter TNM member, says: "I am fed up with TV. There is no time to know our profession in that box." A few years ago Groulx, a slim raffish man with sad eyes and permanent five-o'clock shadow, found himself four thousand dollars in debt. He got a plummy job as a producer for the French TV network, but worked just long enough to settle his bills. Then he resigned in order to be free to act regularly for the TNM.

Half a dozen men like Groulx form the permanent nucleus of TNM, which is frankly a company for male actors, and seldom schedules a play that offers the best roles to women.

Additional actors and actresses are invited to join for a production or a season, and the full acting company for this year's tour numbers thirteen.

Gascon, the founder, Roux, the secretary-general, and Groulx have been acting together for twenty years. They were recruited to the amateur stage in their teens by Father Emile Legault, a Montreal cleric whose *Compagnons de Saint-Laurent* was the nursery of many Montreal actors. All three also studied theatre for several years in Paris and the TNM was founded when Gascon returned to Montreal in 1951.

Besides Jean, one and a half additional Gascon boys belong to the TNM: a younger brother, a curly-headed buck named Gaby, is a regular actor; an older brother, a demure bespectacled businessman named André, splits his time between the advertising office of his father's soft-drink firm and the business office of his brother's acting company.

The other charter member is comedian Guy Hoffmann. A cameraman and film maker in France before World War II, Hoffmann followed his fiancée to Canada in 1948, was scouted by Father Legault and agreed to join the *Compagnons*.

Hoffmann proved a natural comedian and became a star almost overnight. By the time the TNM was formed at least one Montreal critic, Thomas Archer of the *Montreal Gazette*, was murmuring publicly, "a bit of a genius."

In seven seasons the *Théâtre du Nouveau Monde* has produced a score of French classics, several English plays—in English—and several original Canadian dramas. (One of the latter, *Lilac Time*, by a young French-Canadian playwright named Marcel Dubé, is included in the repertoire for the present tour.)

It has been a success from the start. One of the more moderate appraisals of its first production, Molière's *The Miser*, appeared in *Le Soleil*: "With one stroke," its critic wrote, "it has placed itself in the front rank of our dramatic companies."

The praise has, if possible, increased. Nathan Cohen, a relentlessly caustic Toronto critic, describes the company as, "The best certainly in Canada, and probably in North America."

It got that way through talent, temperament—and Gallic zest for classical

perfection. To prepare for the tour this spring, the TNM actors worked long evenings for nearly two months.

During the season the TNM rents the expensive, impressive Orpheum Theatre, but rehearsals are held in a chilly, converted garage in a back street in Montreal's garish east end.

To the right, just inside the modest green front door, is the business office, usually occupied by André Gascon.

Gascon, Jean's older brother, is a frustrated actor turned theatrical administrator. He now portrays a tender-hearted



Captain Morgan
administering the oath
of allegiance to
Captain La Roche
master of the *Satisfaction*
prior to the expedition
against *Mamcaybo*
1669



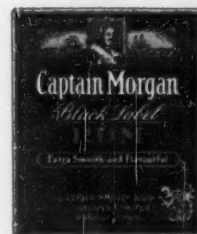
Answer to
Who is it? on page 63

Gabrielle Roy, who translated her first novel, *The Tin Flute*, from French to English in 1945 and saw it become a Literary Guild selection in 1947. She has written four novels since.

Heritage of a Memorable Age Captain Morgan Rum

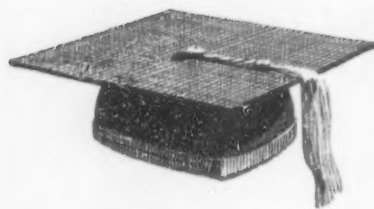
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BURROUGHS—T.M.

tyrant whose soft, stricken brown eyes, behind glasses, beg you to excuse his ruthless Gallic thrift. He plays the part so well that one actress who started by demanding a raise ended by offering to work for nothing. Gascon pulled another coup when the TNM was threatened with a twenty-dollar levy for performing for profit on a Sunday. The TNM usually resigns itself to the standard Montreal fine if it schedules a Sunday performance. On this occasion, though, Gascon got it reduced by five dollars. He simply fixed the judge with his hurt eyes and pleaded, "But we didn't make a cent that day."

The back of the building is occupied by a big, draughty rehearsal auditorium with raw overhead lights, cream walls and a bust of Molière presiding. Outside, on the door, someone has chalked a skull and crossbones and the words, "haute tension." It's a fair warning of the troupe's voltage.

Most TNM rehearsals start in an atmosphere of gaiety and inconsequence. Gascon, in his narrow, stylish Italian suit, is seated behind the director's desk and kisses the hand of each actress as she arrives. Groulx comes in, unshaven and bescarfed like a Paris apache, blowing kisses right and left. There is much chaff.

Someone says, "Groulx' wife says now he even talks in his sleep." Despite his downcast face, Groulx is an inexorable nonstop talker. His colleagues report that he once talked all the way from Montreal to Quebec, a five-hour bus trip; then he talked all the way back again.

Gascon has already started rehearsing Huguette Oligny and Hoffmann in a small scene. The others stop to watch and applaud. The play is Molière's *Imaginary Invalid*. Gascon springs up to illustrate the reading of a line for Miss Oligny. He poises in the first ballet position, toes out; he throws up his hands in the traditional gesture of the shocked confidante; he pitches his froggy basso

somewhat higher and delivers a speech that ends in a little screech. Miss Oligny comprehends: "Oui! C'est ça, c'est ça, c'est ça," she nods vigorously.

In the corner Denyse St. Pierre, with her fluffy blond head tipped back and her fringed saucer-eyes closed dreamily, is doing a rumba step with Gaétan Labrèche, a pale, elegant youth who is usually cast as a young lover. Miss St. Pierre looks like a roguish child, but she is one of the top stars of radio and TV.

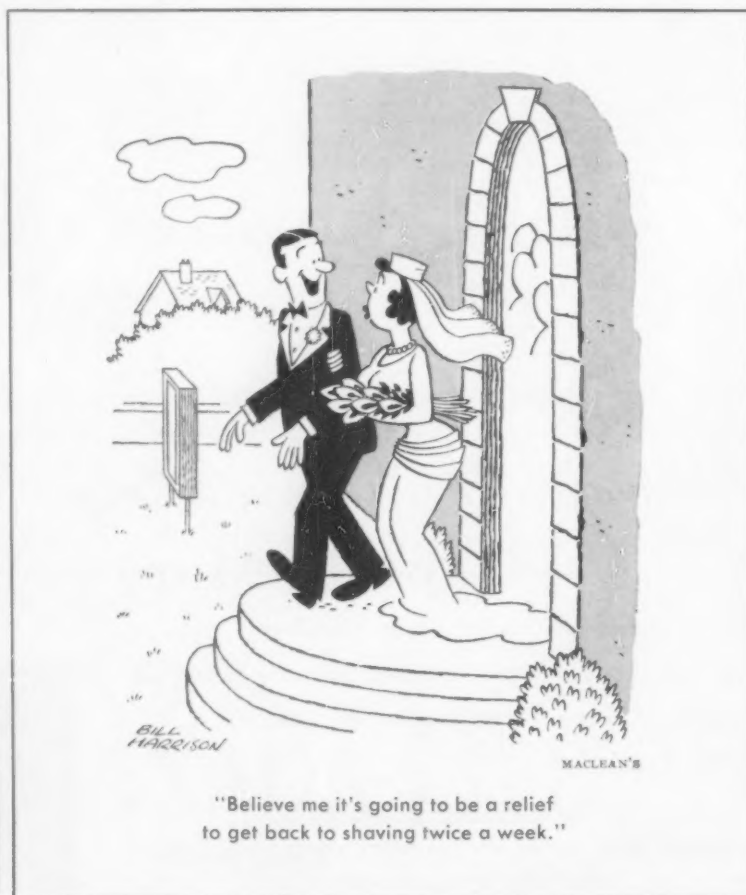
The scene expands to include the others. Hoffmann stumps heavily to an oak chair and collapses into it; Miss St. Pierre comes on, talks about her lover, whirls ecstatically, pouts. The stylish Miss Pelletier sweeps across to Hoffmann with a brittle, wheedling smile; she is playing his wife, full of coquetry and calculation. Hoffmann pouts and plays grotesquely for her sympathy. Jean-Louis Roux enters as a gawky suitor for Miss St. Pierre's hand. For this he has adopted an outrageous lisp and a lope. He looks like a praying mantis trying to gallop. The actors stop acting and double up with laughter.

But in a minute they are back at work. Hoffmann is once again the authentic aging pantaloone of a husband. Miss St. Pierre is the lovelorn maiden, a true columbine. Gaétan Labrèche is her love-sick, whey-faced pierrot. Roux is the posturing, ludicrous harlequin.

This is in the great tradition of classic European comedy theatre—swift, elegant, stylish, with a spirit no true continental fails to recognize.

As a matter of fact, even English-speaking Canadians should have little trouble recognizing this spirit—no more, certainly, than the Toronto matron who saw the company at Stratford in 1956. Adrift in their afternoon of Molière farce she groped for the ingredient that made them different. Finally she got it:

"They're so . . . so French," she said. ★



"Believe me it's going to be a relief to get back to shaving twice a week."

THERE'S ONE FOR YOU



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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 8

the Germans built, we built eight. And the deterrent was deliberately brandished. From the time that Winston Churchill went to the Admiralty—in 1911—he made it his object to bring the navy to what he called "a state of instant and constant readiness." Here again the phrase is significant: it is almost identical to the words used last November by the head of the U.S. Strategic Air Command to describe his preparations to meet the challenge of the Soviet lead in the missile field.

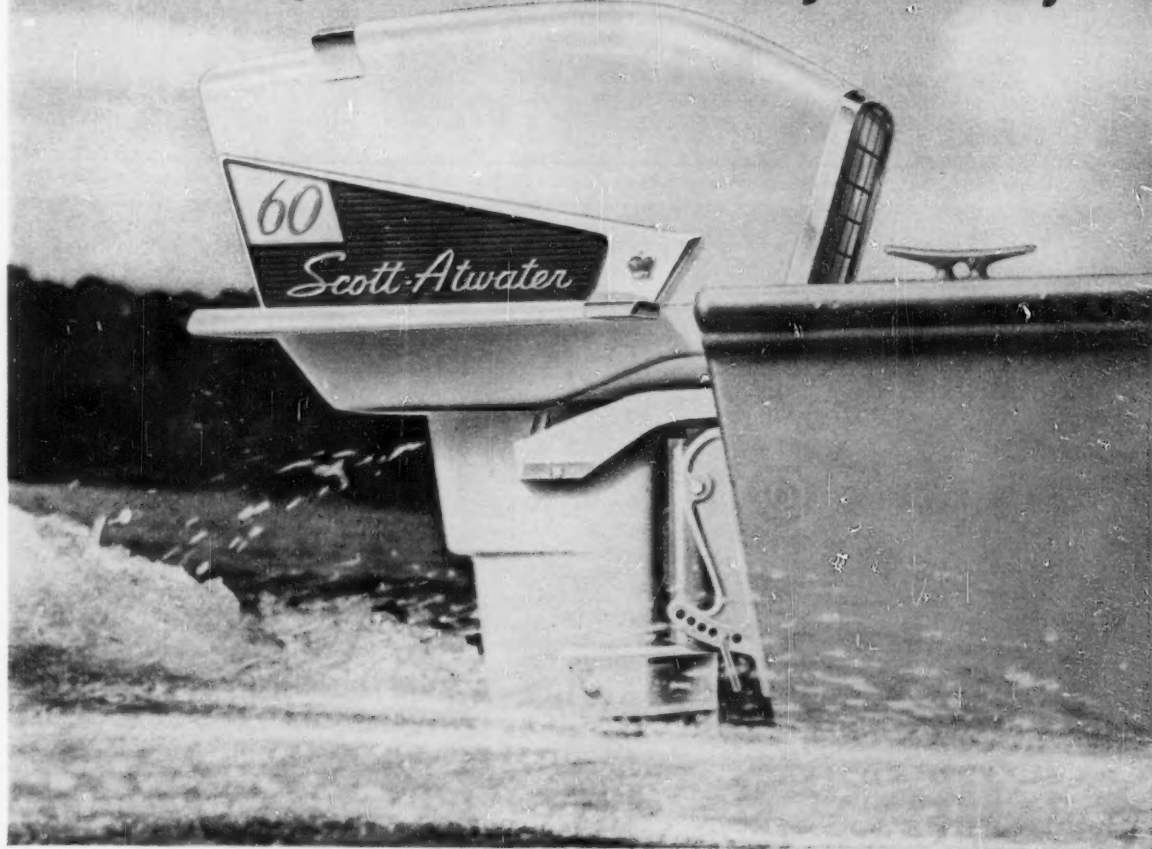
The army, too, prepared for war. From 1907 onward there were regular staff talks with the French. When Sir Henry Wilson became director of military operations he set about organizing an expeditionary force of 100,000 men—capable of expansion to five times that size within four months—which could be in action on French or Belgian territory within twenty days of a declaration of war. So thorough were the preparations that, despite America's vastly greater resources of manpower, the build-up of British forces in France during the first six months after our entry into the war proceeded at six times the rate of America's during the whole of 1917. Here, indeed, was the real statistical difference between a power which had prepared for war and one which had not.

No safety in numbers

It has, of course, been argued that this deterrent policy failed simply because the deterrent was not "massive" enough. But what are the facts? France and Russia began to construct a co-ordinated deterrent of vast size nearly twenty years before the conflict. As early as 1899 the peace-time establishments of the Franco-Russian armies totaled 1,470,000 men against 950,000 for Germany and Austria—a Franco-Russian margin of 520,000. By 1907 this margin had risen to 802,000 and by 1914 to a million. In March 1914, Italy signed a military convention with the Allies raising the margin by a further 273,000; and by this time it was known that Britain could now make an immediate contribution of a further 100,000. These were pre-mobilization strengths. A comparison of war strengths shows a Franco-Russian margin of 1,212,000, which, together with British and Italian contributions, gave the Allies a total margin of 1,500,000.

True, the Franco-Russian forces were at a disadvantage in one respect. The slow rate of Russian mobilization meant that the full weight of Allied superiority could not be brought to bear immediately. But again, long before the war, plans were devised to remedy this. Russia, with French financial support, began a massive program of railway construction to speed up the transfer of reserves to the German front. The program was due to be completed in 1917, and it was for this reason that the military experts on both sides picked 1917 as the most likely year for a conflict. Their reasoning was significant and gives the lie to the entire deterrent theory. For they foresaw that the period of maximum danger would coincide precisely with the moment when

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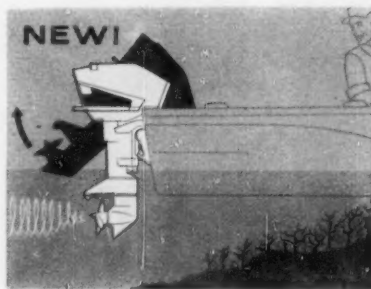
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the deterrent became complete. Hence the deterrent was not a deterrent at all, but a cause of the conflict.

Indeed, the final proof that the deterrent, though of massive size, failed to deter, is to be found in the evolution of the German war plans. These envisaged a sharp onslaught on France through Belgium, followed by a more prolonged offensive, after the destruction of the French army, against Russia. They took final shape at the end of 1912 in a general-staff memorandum. It is often argued that had Britain publicly declared

her intention of coming to Belgium's aid, the Germans would never have marched. This myth is demolished by the German memorandum for it is based on the assumption that Britain would intervene and would have a force in the field within a month. In it, the total Allied strengths are accurately calculated. Nevertheless, victory is assumed as rapid and final. Similar reports, drawn up in France and Russia, tell the same tale of unshakable military optimism. In short, though the deterrent obviously played some part in winning the eventual con-

flict, it did not, and could not, play any part in preventing it, for the simple reason that the German generals did not regard it as a deterrent but as a challenge—and even a provocation.

But today, it is argued, the existence of megaton bombs has abolished the concept of a victorious campaign and has therefore produced a qualitative change in the attitude of the generals to war itself. Has it? Military leaders on both sides, while acknowledging that thermo-nuclear war must be catastrophic, still proclaim their invincible faith that, if

needs be, their own forces can win it. The new British Defense White Paper fully admits that "no country can hope to gain anything by war," which would "imperil the safety of humanity." But it goes on to imply that, should war come, the West would undoubtedly win it. "The over-all superiority of the West," it says, "is likely to increase rather than diminish." The advent of intermediate-range rockets, it claims, will increase western military power but for geographical reasons they will not afford "any corresponding strategic advantage" to Russia. The paper actually envisages the outbreak of total war: "In that event, the role of the Allied defense forces in Europe would be to hold the front for the time needed to allow the effects of the nuclear counter-offensive to make themselves felt." In short, the generals on our side are still thinking in terms not only of war, but of victory; and so long as generals still believe victory can be won, war cannot be dismissed as unthinkable. Which brings me to my central, and very simple, contention: nations acquire arms not to prevent wars, but to win them.

So we turn to the origins of World War II, on which the main historical case for the deterrent theory is based. Again, it will not bear examination of the facts. There is no evidence that Hitler, at any stage, was deterred by the military strength of his adversaries. In 1941, Britain was weak, isolated and ripe for final annihilation; he nevertheless embarked on an unprovoked and unnecessary invasion of Russia; and a few months later he accepted an additional, and equally avoidable, conflict with America. Neither of these actions seems to have been influenced by military factors. After all, if it was the military weakness of Britain and France which led Hitler to war in 1939, why did he not attack immediately, when that weakness was at its most pronounced?

In my view, Hitler was not influenced by rational considerations — on which, of course, the deterrent theory is based — and once he had consolidated his power in Germany, war was inevitable. Had Britain and France kept pace with German rearmament the conflict would merely have occurred sooner. And had it done so, world opinion, which eventually and with good reason swung round behind Britain, would have been bitterly divided. We now know that Canada and other British dominions were not prepared to back Britain in a conflict with Germany at any stage prior to the Polish crisis; and America, certainly, would have declared her neutrality and maintained it. Anglo-French rearmament in the mid-thirties would merely have precipitated a war which, in all probability, Britain and France would have lost.

Indeed, the more we study the origins of wars the clearer it becomes that the deterrent not merely fails to deter, but tends to have the opposite effect. And this for a simple logical reason. By making the deterrent the principal instrument of your foreign policy, you inevitably place its direction, to a greater or lesser extent, in the hands of the military. There is no evidence that soldiers are occupationally more bellicose than politicians or diplomats. But, of necessity,



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"Once the alarm is given, the machine takes control . . . the sequence of events flows inexorably"

they do not think in precisely the same way. To the soldier, the ultimate evil is not to fight a war—but to lose it. He must give priority to the second contingency. Hence a soldier may find it his duty to resist measures which, though they would prevent a currently threatening conflict, might place his country at a military disadvantage in a subsequent one. A classic case is the projected Anglo-German agreement of 1912—the one serious attempt, throughout the period, to achieve a broadly based Anglo-German understanding—which was sabotaged by the French government on the advice of its general staff. Many other examples could be drawn from the negotiations of the United Nations disarmament sub-committee. Any diplomat who has taken part in them will tell you that the military members of the delegations invariably have the last word; and this is inevitable, so long as the primary consideration is the maintenance of the deterrent.

Nor, alas, is this all. When two power blocs confront each other in a state of "instant readiness," purely military factors assume such importance that they themselves can become the cause of conflict. This can happen in two ways. The first, and less dangerous, is by accident. Today, with both SAC and the Soviet air force maintaining H-bomb patrols, war can break out solely because a pilot goes insane. Or—more likely—because of a confusion in signals. "Instant preparedness" means a considerable devolution in authority, and it is now within the capacity of a junior officer to unleash the nuclear deluge. Misunderstandings

constantly occur in military chains of command. In 1940, for example, a drunken British major gave the signal for the invasion alarm, and plunged East Anglia into confusion. Far more serious was the destruction of Rotterdam by the German air force, which occurred because a junior officer misinterpreted a signal.

Such possibilities, however, are less alarming than the inherent perils of a war machine in a state of "instant readiness"—of a catastrophe springing not from accident but from the nature of the machine itself. The deterrent, supposedly the slave of diplomacy, has an inevitable tendency, in its search for speed and effectiveness, to become diplomacy's master. The document which persuaded the German government to invade Belgium in 1914 was an army memorandum presented on July 29. This pointed out, in the strongest terms, the disastrous consequences of a European war, which, it said "will annihilate for decades the civilization of almost all Europe." Nevertheless, it went on, the Russian mobilization would, for purely mechanical reasons, lead to a progressive, mathematical increase of the military odds against Germany with every day that passed; therefore an early German declaration of war was vital. Thus Germany entered the war not for any long-term political aims, but because of short-term military factors which sprang directly from the policy of "instant readiness."

The Russians, too, were the slaves of their war machine. The essence of the deterrent was the capacity to mobilize swiftly. But the physical process of Russian mobilization made it inevitable that,

within a week of the decree being published, Russian troops would cross the German frontier. Either the deterrent worked within the first two days, or it would not work at all. For troops would begin to reach the forward railheads from the first day; they would then pile up in ever increasing numbers. If the frontier was not crossed, the organizational structure of the army would become confused, there would be no place to put the troops, and Russian war plans would be revealed. Hence there was no alternative but to cross the frontier. It is difficult to think of a better example of purely military factors dictating issues of peace and war.

Tantamount to war

Today we face a situation which is basically similar. The Strategic Air Command is a world-wide force of three thousand heavy bombers and fleets of tanker planes. Each squadron has its allotted targets and timetables; but the entire operation is co-ordinated down to the last bomb and second. Once the alarm is given, the machine takes control—as it must—and the sequence of events flows inexorably without any politician's hand to guide it. On Nov. 2, 1956, at the height of the Suez crisis, the National Security Council in Washington—the ultimate controlling authority of the Western deterrent—met in emergency session. The day before, Bulganin had launched a virtual ultimatum against Britain and France. Throughout the night, intelligence reports indicated Soviet military overflights in Turkey and Persia.

Mr. Dulles wished to respond to these moves by alerting SAC and deploying its squadrons in a manner which would provide "ocular evidence" of America's will to resist. But the air-force chiefs explained that such an action would be tantamount to war; that the size and nature of SAC meant that it could not get all its aircraft airborne, and begin the complex process of aerial refueling, without revealing to the enemy its axes of attack, knowledge of which would undermine the deterrent, *unless it was really intended to use it this time*. Moreover, they added, once it became clear that SAC was getting into position, the Russians would be bound to do the same, and then a conflict would become virtually inevitable.

Fortunately, while the council was still sitting, further intelligence reports revealed that there was no radar evidence of Soviet overflights. The crisis passed; but it revealed the fatal lack of flexibility of the deterrent. Since then the SAC commanders have attempted to devise a system of permanent semi-mobilization—of which the H-bomb patrols are one aspect—which will make SAC an effective instrument of fear without allowing it to glide over into the abyss and become an instrument of provocation.

Are they likely to succeed? We do not know. But we should remember that the Russians, confronted with precisely the same problem in the years before 1914, also devised a system of semi-mobilization which, they calculated, would frighten their enemies without provoking them. As we have seen, it was a disastrous failure. ★


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Johnny Longden tells his own story

Continued from page 16

"It does something for a man to control a ton of horses, riding high above the swirling dust"

stranglehold on the reins. Poor old Gangway couldn't move.

"Give him his head, give him his head," commanded Murphy.

So I let loose the reins and gave Gangway my heels in his belly and he started off with such a sudden violent leap that I jerked backwards and tore a shirt my mother had just made for me.

I was awfully upset because making shirts was a lot of work for my mother. But Spud said he'd buy me a new one if I rode Gangway in the quarterhorse races for him.

Well, I did, and we won the race. There was no saddle. You just sat on the horse's back, curled up your legs and had a webbed circlet wound across your legs and your lap and under the horse's stomach. He'd be away with a great surge in those short races and you'd control him with your grip on the reins, and retain your balance by pressing your knees against his withers.

I rode the Roman race, too. This is the most exciting kind of horse race I know. In it, you balance on two horses, standing over nothingness with one foot on the bare back of each horse. You hold the four reins of the horses in both hands and keep your knees bent low to take the uneven bone-jarring pounding. It has a heroic look about it that appeals to crowds and it does something for a man emotionally to be controlling a ton of horses, standing high above the swirling dust.

I did so well with Spud's horses that he wanted me to go to other fairs in the district with him. I asked my father if I could but he was dead set against my pleas. He said my place was in the mines, not fooling around with horses at the fairs. And then Hans Wight, the electrical engineer, talked to my dad. He told him about how I used to daydream when

I was riding the donkey. He suggested that I could ride at the fairs on Saturdays and still work through the week, and maybe that's what swayed my father. Anyway, he relented, and Spud and I started going to places like Cardston and Magrath and Raymond and Lethbridge to race Spud's two horses.

Spud had a buggy in which the two of us would drive all night, leading the two horses. We'd sleep in an empty barn along the way or, if the weather was fine, we'd lie down under the buggy and sleep there. We did well, too. That summer—it was around 1924—I won fourteen straight Roman races, where the prize was fifteen dollars, and a few relays, too. In the relays you'd ride one horse a quarter of a mile, leap from his back and race another quarter mile on the other horse. A relay win was worth ten dollars.

My father did something the following spring that I'll never forget. He knew I loved horses and he knew that our family needed the money I got from the mines. But when Spud Murphy offered me a job on his ranch, my father didn't stand in the way of it. He put my wishes ahead of the family's need and I went to work on the ranch at Milk River, south of Taber, galloping horses for Spud for thirty-five dollars a month and my room and board.

One day that summer there was a big sports day down in Shelby, Montana, about a hundred miles south, and Spud and I decided to go. We rode bareback on the two quarterhorses, Tommy Overton and Gangway. We bedded them down in a stall at the fair grounds and then climbed into the straw and slept there ourselves. In the morning there was a hundred-yard foot race up the main street for twenty-five silver dollars and a silver cup. I figured I had nothing



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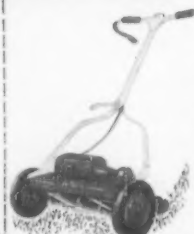
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to lose, so I entered the foot race, a little guy less than five feet tall in against a motley crew of grown men in overalls or work clothes. Everybody in the race had running shoes except me. So I took off my boots and heavy woolen socks and rolled up my jeans. I won that race but it was close.

One of the fellows I'd beaten seemed to think my win was a fluke. He challenged me to another race and said he'd put up fifty silver dollars against my twenty-five and my cup. I agreed to the race but said it would have to be fifty yards instead of a hundred. I was a little tired and anyway, since he was bigger and stronger, I figured I'd do better in a shorter race.

Well, I won that race, too, so now I had seventy-five silver dollars and my cup. In the afternoon the big event was a quarterhorse race. There was a prize of seventy-five silver dollars for that one. I rode Tommy Overton and he won, and Spud and I went to a baker's shop and got the baker to give us an old flour sack. We loaded one hundred and fifty silver dollars and a silver cup into the flour sack and rode back to Alberta.

In the summer of 1927 at the fair at Magrath I met a full-blooded Indian named Charlie Powell who had two horses he wanted to race at Great Falls, Montana. He asked me if I wanted to go along with him and ride one of the horses. I'd been thinking for quite a while that I'd like to go to Salt Lake City. There were two reasons for this: Salt Lake is the centre of the Mormon movement and it also happened at that time to be a thoroughbred racing centre. Well, I wanted to visit the place where Brigham Young, one of the original Mormon leaders, had established his headquarters in Utah, and I wanted to see the thoroughbred races. Up to this time, you see, I'd never ridden a thoroughbred race horse. So I agreed to go to Great Falls with Charlie Powell.

When that meeting ended I hopped a freight train and set off for Salt Lake. It was October of 1927 and it was freezing cold at night in the boxcar. We stopped one night at Pocatello, Idaho, to take on water and the railroad cops started going through the boxcars to chase the bums, slugging them with their billy sticks. When they got to my private car and started to climb in I slid back the door on the other side and started to run. A big cop was giving chase but I outran him and hid under the water tower. When the train started to roll again I raced out at the last moment and jumped through the open door of a boxcar while the train was picking up speed.

At Salt Lake I went to the stabling area at the race track where I began talking to a quiet friendly colored man named Willie Dorsey. He owned one horse, a big black gelding, nine years old, named Hugo K. Asher, but he didn't have a jockey. I asked him if he'd let me ride the gelding. He said he'd give me five dollars for the mount.

It was a cold afternoon and I arrived at the starting line wearing beaded gauntlets, much to the astonishment of the assistant starter, Wampus Fuller. Wampus was just getting his consternation under control when I dismounted and started to unsaddle my horse.

"What the hell are you doing, jock?" demanded Wampus.

"I'm taking off this saddle, sir," I said to him. "I can't ride with it."

"Well you sure as hell ain't gonna ride without it," Wampus stormed. "Climb back on that horse."

It was the first time I ever rode in a saddle. And when I won the race it was the first victory of the more than five

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thousand that have made me the winner of more thoroughbred races than any rider in the world. Hugo K. Asher paid off at \$32.60 but I didn't have a quarter bet on him. In fact, until Willie Dorsey gave me the five dollars for riding his gelding, I didn't have a quarter. I stayed in Salt Lake about three weeks. My mother had written to some friends of hers there and they put me up. I made a few dollars riding other mounts but not enough to have paid my way if I hadn't been billeted. I couldn't bring home a winner in fifteen races during the three weeks after Hugo K. Asher won and I was pretty discouraged and growing homesick. I was seventeen.

One afternoon, outside the race track, I saw an Alberta license plate. I suddenly felt like I was going to cry. I was so lonesome. I sat down on the running-board of the car, a big Studebaker, and waited for the owner. When he came along he said he'd give me a lift back to Alberta when he drove back.

His name was Harry Young. He and a man named Harvey McFarlane owned a few horses and he was at Salt Lake to try to pick up a few more cheap. Driving north I curled up in the back seat at night and slept there while Harry stayed in hotels.

He and McFarlane ran a place in Calgary called the Live Wire Cigar Store. He said they'd give me a job waiting on customers if I wanted to go to Calgary. I was anxious to get home to Taber so I didn't take the job right away but after I spent the winter working in the mines I knew I never wanted to go back to digging coal. It seemed to me that riding was the surest way to escape. I was small and I was strong, with good arms and chest development like my father's, and I loved horses. Those things, and determination, are what I took to racing in the beginning.

Horseplayers' cigar store

So I set off for Calgary in the spring of 1928 to take the job Harry Young had offered me. I figured it would be a stepping stone. I didn't know it at the time but the cigar store was a front. Harry and Harvey were bookmakers. I sold tobacco to the customers out front and one afternoon a man named Bobby Flaherty came into the store. I knew he trained horses for an owner who traveled the prairie circuit of western Canada. C. L. Jacques. I asked him if he needed someone to help him around the barn. He said he did, so I started galloping Mr. Jacques' horses in the mornings and working in the cigar store in the afternoons and evenings.

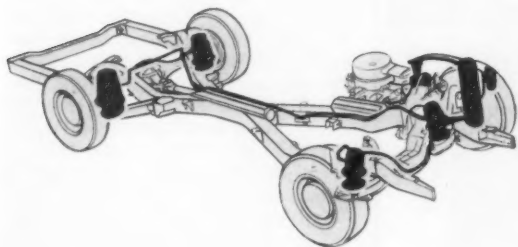
Then along came a trainer from the state of Washington, E. A. (Sleepy) Armstrong, who took over the horses of a Calgary owner, Fred Johnston. He had this horse, Reddy Fox, which wasn't a bad horse, but he didn't have a line on a regular jockey. He watched me working Mr. Jacques' horses and decided that I'd do as his jock. He traded his horse, Reddy Fox, to Mr. Jacques for the rights to my services.

I still see Sleepy now and then. After all these years he's still training horses and he comes down to the Santa Anita meeting every winter, a big gruff red-faced fellow with a mane of white hair and the same enthusiasm he took to racing thirty years ago. Sleepy is seventy-two now.

Meeting him in 1928 was the best thing that ever happened to me. He taught me just about everything I know about riding. He paid me \$150 a month and we toured the prairie circuit. The first day I went to work for Sleepy he pointed to a



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pup-tent outside his barn and told me that was where I'd sleep. At 4.30 the next morning he rolled me out of my bed and hollered, "C'mon, get up. You're working for me now!"

He'd used the correct verb, all right. I mucked out stalls, cooled out horses, worked horses, fed horses and learned to ride them. There were no starting gates in those days, just a large barrier made of webbing that flew up when the starter figured the field was lined up. Sleepy and Wampus Fuller, the assistant starter who'd been at Salt Lake the year before,

worked with me every morning teaching me how to get away from the barrier fast. When I'd do something wrong Wampus would whack me across the foot with a jock's whip and Sleepy would holler at me. In later years I acquired a reputation of being able to get horses away to fast starts, even out of the starting gates that replaced the barriers. It was on the prairie circuit of western Canada that I learned.

It was on the prairie circuit, too, that I met my first wife, Helen McDonald, a Calgary girl. I didn't have any money

but we decided to be married, anyhow. She traveled with me, on the prairies in the summer and then down to southern California and northern Mexico in the winter. We lived in rooms in second-rate boarding houses or third-rate hotels or sometimes even slept in a tent but she never complained. A couple of times I almost quit the track to go back to the mines but she always urged me to stick it out a little longer.

In 1931 I registered a horse called Trossachs in Helen's name. We were at Polo Park in Winnipeg and it was in the

days of the old option races whereby if you bet five dollars on the race you could then claim a horse. I claimed this cheap mudder from a Vancouver owner, George Addison, and shipped him by boxcar to the Tanforan track at San Bruno in California. Helen and I and our year-old son Vance set off in an old Nash touring car in which we slept. We had a tent and we ate in it. At Tanforan I started Trossachs three times and he finished nowhere. We were down to our last seventy-five dollars when Thanksgiving Day dawned with a violent rainstorm. I figured the heavy track was suited to Trossachs so, unknown to Helen, I bet the whole seventy-five bucks on him.

If Trossachs had lost I'm sure we'd have had to make our way back to Taber. He started badly but when the other horses began to tire in the mud old Trossachs kept picking 'em up and setting 'em down in the friendly goo and he won the race by a nose. He was 15 to 1. I collected \$1,125 on my bet, and the winner's share of the purse which Helen, as owner, received was \$550. We made \$1,675 on that horse and his win was the turning point for me. The money relieved the pressure. It meant that for awhile at least I could devote my thoughts to racing alone and forget the alternative of the mines. And I began to win, too, which meant that owners of good horses were willing to give me their mounts. On better horses I won even more races and by 1932 there was no longer any question of ever leaving the race track.

But as my racing fortunes improved, sadness and disappointment entered my personal life. I was riding in Miami in 1936 when word came that my mother was ill in Taber. I flew home but I was too late to say good-by to her. She died in her sleep before I reached the ranch I'd been able to buy for her and my father on the outskirts of the town. A few years later the relationship between Helen, my wife, and me began to go downhill and after fourteen years of marriage we were divorced.

In 1941, though, I met a girl I'd known in the middle Thirties when I was riding for a successful Winnipeg owner and trainer, A. G. (Alf) Tarn. This was Hazel Tarn, Alf's daughter, a slim blond tomboy who loved horses. By 1941 she was still slim and blond and a lover of horses, but she was no longer a tomboy. She was a very vivacious full-blown woman who became Mrs. Longden.

Hazel has been a part of my life that I'd like to talk about in succeeding instalments of this story, the high moments such as those on Count Fleet, the greatest horse I ever saw, on whom I won the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes — racing's Triple Crown. I'd like to talk about Noor, too, an Irish-bred horse who beat the celebrated Citation three straight times, and about Whirlaway and Swaps and the rest. I want to talk about the remarkable little men who have ridden to fame, jockeys like Eddie Arcaro and Willie Shoemaker and the TV art expert, Billy Pearson, and tell you how we go about the precarious business of guiding a thousand pounds of wrought-up straining thoroughbred.

There have been low moments, too, of which Hazel has been a part, such as the five times in my racing career that doctors have told me that because of the severity of injuries I'd never ride again. I'd like to tell you of those times, too. ★

In the next issue Johnny Longden tells of his experience with Count Fleet, whom he calls the greatest racehorse of all time.



Taste sparkling light
CROWN and see
how good - really good
- a lager beer can be.



MOLSON'S **CROWN & ANCHOR** LAGER BEER



London Letter continued from page 10

In July there are so many Canadian visitors to my club I wonder if anyone is left in Canada

have the library where Disraeli used to do much of his writing and where John Buchan, later Lord Tweedsmuir, wrote for hours every day on his novels. Inevitably the attendants of the library spend much of their time looking up references for MPs preparing their speeches. Therefore these faithful servants find it a pleasant relief when someone like myself asks them to look up what Pericles said—not in his famous oration—but on some other occasion. And the chances are ten to one that the librarians will find it.

In the members' dining room there is a corner where the Whips usually sit, and there is a ministerial table although individual ministers usually prefer to sit with their friends. No tipping is allowed although I do not doubt that exuberance after a successful speech may cause an MP to give a special donation to the staff fund.

Perhaps the best example of the characteristic British genius for compromise is that magnificent out-of-door appendage known as the terrace. Here again the best club in Europe has special rules which are observed in theory but seldom in fact.

At the extreme left of the terrace is Mr. Speaker's house and offices. At the other end is the residence of the lord chancellor as well as his offices. To ensure immunity from the public there is a space on the terrace marked For Peers Only, and a similar sign at the other end, For MPs Only.

But in the centre there is full democracy where the guests of peers and MPs can mingle with everybody and anybody without difference or distinction.

In fact when June blends into July, which is the last month of the session, MPs spend much of their time entertaining on the terrace; not only constituents but visitors from every part of the Commonwealth and Empire. As a Canadian I sometimes wonder in July if anyone is left in Canada at all.

Yet the rules of the club still hold good despite the invasion of friends and guests. If the debate is fierce and if one hopes to speak, one marks on visiting-cards brought in by messenger, "Not found," or "Not available." And the visitor remains in outer darkness — in other words the public lobby.

But to what extent is there any real camaraderie between the members of the

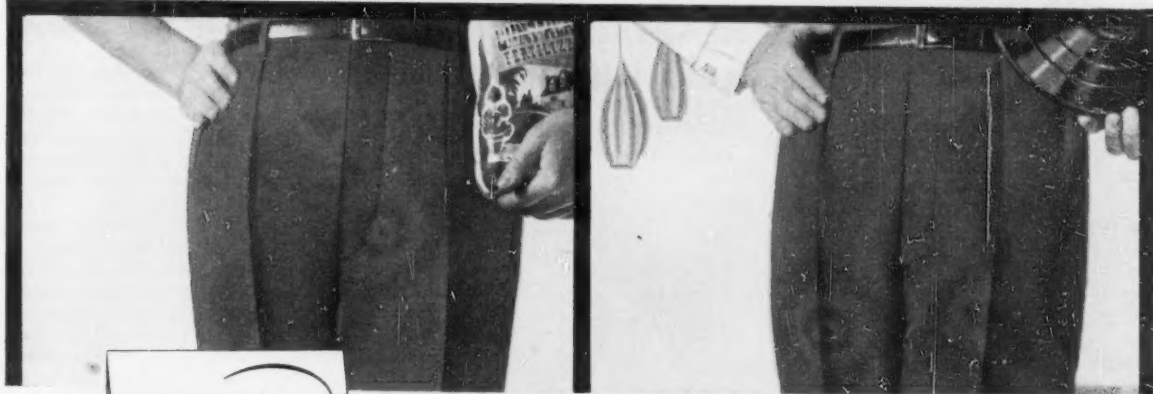
different parties? Broadly speaking not a great deal. It is true that on one occasion when there was going to be a division at ten o'clock I had a ringside ticket plus a chauffeur's ticket for a big fight at the White City. So I approached

a Socialist MP and asked him if he would "pair" with me by acting as my alleged chauffeur for the occasion. Being both a sportsman and a boxing enthusiast he agreed, whereupon I drove my "chauffeur" to the White City and we had a

most pleasant time together en route and return, even if we were separated during the fight.

Truly the British House of Commons is a remarkable institution. Someone once said of it that there is more public

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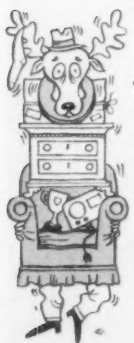


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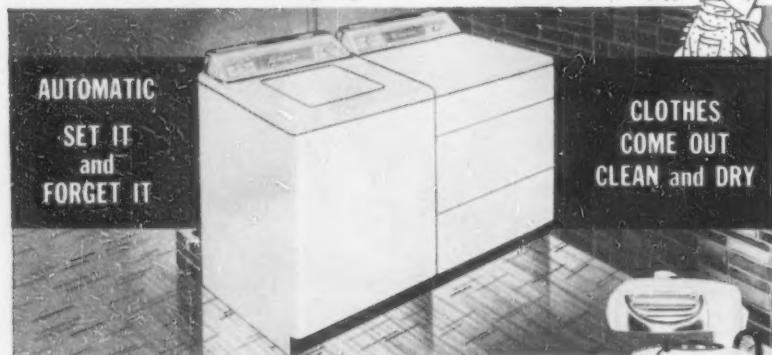
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cruelty and more private kindness here than in any other place in the world. Let me describe an incident that happened during a debate in 1949 when the socialists were in power. The House was packed as Aneurin Bevan rose to make the final speech in answer to Winston Churchill who had wound up for the opposition.

It only took a few minutes for us to realize that Bevan was at his very best. His Celtic eloquence was in full flood and he made point after point which were like daggers in our breasts, yet no one from the Tory benches made any attempt to put him off his stride by interruptions. It was a great speech and they respected it. Finally with about five minutes to go Bevan leaned across the table and began a vulgar and venomous attack on Churchill.

Immediately there was an angry roar from the Tories and counter shouts of rather embarrassed enthusiasm by the socialists. Without rising to his feet Churchill leaned his head forward and quietly said to Bevan: "Don't spoil a brilliant speech."

Bevan stepped back. Then he bowed to Churchill and brought his speech at once to a swift and quiet end. To my mind that was one of the finest moments in the long life of the British House of Commons. The generosity of Churchill, plus his admiration for Bevan's oratory, transcended party lines, and the instant response of Bevan to the gesture completed the accord.

The clash of the two great parties grows more harsh as the present parliament enters the twilight of its allotted life. In fact when the two days' debate on the bank-rate tribunal findings took place the temper of the House became so heated that the deputy speaker, who was in the chair, twice threatened to suspend the sitting so that the members could cool off. Yet it was inevitable that the debate would be a fiery one because this was a basic clash between two ideologies. On the one hand capitalism was proclaiming its virtues while socialism was saying that capitalism was not a philosophy but a conspiracy.

In every club there are unpleasant moments from time to time. Even at The Athenæum someone will be talking too loudly or bringing to dinner a bounder who should never have been allowed to enter the sacred portals. But there is always tomorrow and tomorrow; memories are short in the best club in Europe.

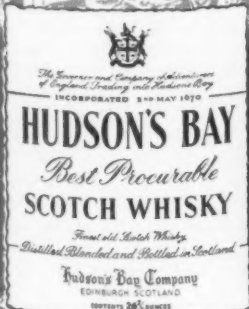
Like most MPs who have been in the Commons for a long time I must some day consider retirement. Yet it would be almost unbearable to hear the stentorian shout of the policeman in the public lobby: "Who goes home?" and to know that never again would that cry have any personal association. But why does the lobby policeman want to know whether we are going home? The reason is that an angry mob may be waiting outside and there is police protection if we want it.

Who goes home?

Some night I shall hear it for the last time as a member of the best club in Europe. I shall be free of the Whips, free of committees, free of constituency problems and free of wearisome late-night sittings. But when in my new-found freedom I make my way past the Houses of Parliament en route to the Festival Hall or Waterloo Station I shall see the shining face of Big Ben and hear it strike the hour just as it did when Hitler's bombers filled the skies and rained death and destruction on that old Baghdad of the West known as London.

And I shall be very sad. ★

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Mailbag

Continued from page 4

✓ **Is this the real Ike?**

✓ **Start schooling sooner!**

Bruce Hutchison's article, *The Eisenhower Tragedy* (April 12), is most unkind and not strictly truthful. The accompanying picture is a disgrace. Would a candid shot of Mr. Hutchison taken pre-breakfast and perhaps when he is unshaven . . . indicate a complete physical breakdown? . . . Surely the good-neighbor relationship with the U. S. has been strained enough without such an article being published.—MISS E. D. BAWDEN, CHIPPEWA, ONT.

✓ The article by Hutchison and also the letter from a female Republican (Mailbag) came together, appropriately. They both illustrate how Americans at all levels are ignorant of Canada's dependence on American conditions. It is essential for Canadians to know the truth about the situation to the south.—C. M. SMITH, MENLO PARK, CALIF.

✓ The tragic aspect of Hutchison's article is that a Canadian of standing could write, and a reputable Canadian magazine publish, such a hodgepodge of half truths and stale political clichés. The few facts are as twisted by wishful thinking as the appalling photograph is enlarged to the point of distortion. A headline proclaims "The president is a broken man" just when he presented his epoch-making plan for reorganization of defense. Recently a reporter asked Mr. Eisenhower if he ever felt like "taking a retaliatory poke" at those who attacked him. The president answered that "usually when people tear after you they are mistaken or bitter or guided by emotion and prejudice," and that he suppressed his natural reactions because he believed it was beneath the dignity of his office to reply in kind. It is also beneath the dignity of Maclean's to print a piece as bitter as it is mistaken. —FRANCES QUINCEY ERVIN, MANCHESTER, MASS.

✓ . . . Eisenhower's former apple cheeks might be a little hollow and not just as rosy as they were once; but he is still there, maybe a little confused on account of the sputniks . . . —MRS. ROSA SWANSON, CLIVE, ALTA.

✓ Hutchison is off the beam in one sentence of his analysis of President Eisenhower—namely, "Eisenhower has the genius of human understanding and friendship." He is sincere, he tries but he does not have that gift of understanding people from the heart, rather than the lips. —D. FULLER, KENTVILLE, N.S.

✓ . . . If Hutchison or *Adenoid* Stevenson have any cash to wager that Ike will not finish his term get in touch with this Conservative. —D'ARCY F. HILTON, MINDEMOYA, ONT.

✓ . . . After reading Hutchison I burned the damn magazine . . . —J. R. W. HOWARTT, ROCKFORD, ILL.

✓ . . . To imply that Franklin Roosevelt was a "dilettante aristocrat" until he became president is to ignore nearly twenty years of public service . . . A reader would never suppose, from Hutchison's statement, that Roosevelt had been a member of the New York state

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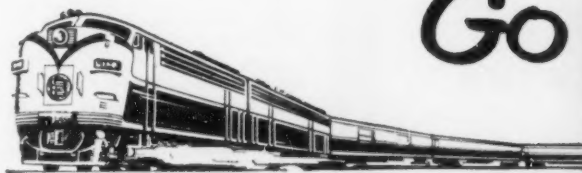
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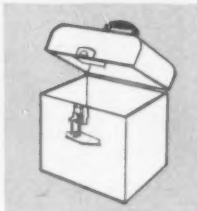


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Almost every week I consult my copy of "Bright & Cheery Recipes". You can get your free full-colour copy by writing Bright's Wines, Lachine, Quebec.

legislature, a brilliant assistant secretary of the navy and, as early as 1920, Democratic candidate for the vice-presidency . . . —GEORGE S. TOMKINS, LACHINE, QUE.

✓ . . . The article by the "hand" of Bruce Hutchison but the "voice" of Harry Truman was the last straw! Is he reporting to Canadians for the millions of Americans who do *not* think Roosevelt or Truman were great presidents? . . . —MARGARET A. ADAMS, MENLO PARK, CALIF.

How fund raisers work

Eric Hutton's article, *They'll Swindle You by Telephone* (March 15), is a well-documented story of a type of racket we must all deplore; however a correction is needed in regard to our company. Mr. Hutton says "the big ethical fund-raising organizations such as G. A. Brakeley & Co. Ltd. . . . take three to five percent for their services." Our company considers it unfair to bargain for a share of the campaign proceeds. When we are retained it is on the basis of a fee agreed on in advance. Our charges have no direct relation to the amount sought or collected in the campaign . . . they are determined largely by the time during which our services are required.—HAROLD BARBOUR, VICE-PRESIDENT, G. A. BRAKELEY & CO. LTD., MONTREAL.

Our schools: right or wrong?

Franc. R. Joubin hit the nail on the head with his article, *Schooling Should Start Sooner* (April 12). Parents and teachers should read it and take heed. —J. DINSDALE, SASKATOON.

✓ Thank you for Joubin's distillation of ignorance on education. It takes an occasional emotional outburst such as his to reassure those of us working in educational research that we really have come a long way. By the way, I shall supply on request the name of a boy who collected three pieces of quartz and a hunk of mica in Muskoka last summer. He would be happy to do an article for you on geology. —ROBERT G. DIXON, BA, B.ED., TORONTO.

✓ Franc. Joubin and Dr. Claude Bissell give us a lot of sound advice. Neither mentions the science of sound thinking. Bissell refers to "aptitudes" but he doesn't go far enough. As talent or aptitude is born and cannot be created, any attempt to create it results only in imitation and misfits. A special board should be set up to deal with talent only—"the right man in the right place." —COL. H. E. LYON, VANCOUVER.

The sack: good or bad?

Re your War on the Sack Dress (April 12): I am surprised at your narrow-mindedness. For centuries women in other parts of the world have been wearing to advantage dresses not unlike the sack. No one can dispute the beauty of the Indian woman in her sari, yet the sari is a waistless, almost shapeless, garment. The traditional Chinese mandarin dress is particularly flattering. Consider also the beauties of the Japanese kimono, and the clothes worn by the South American Indian women—all sacks. Surely it's time your magazine dropped its provincial outlook! —MISS CLAIRE WHEELER, TORONTO.

✓ . . . All the undesirable adjectives in the language are not enough to emphasize the ugliness of the sack.—MRS. HAROLD RILEY, SPRYFIELD, N.S. ★



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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Backstage in our Preview pages

About a year ago we launched a new feature in Maclean's and it's about time we reported on how it's been going. We're referring, naturally, to the four yellow pages at the front of the magazine where, each issue, we try to give you some of the background of the news together with some idea of what's coming up in Canada in the weeks ahead.

Two of the yellow pages, of course, contain features with which Maclean's readers have long been familiar: Blair Fraser, Mailbag and

spondents who send us information and suggestions from every major city in Canada. We are also represented in London, Washington and New York and, as our needs arise, in other world capitals.

The anchor man on Preview and Backstage is Herbert Manning, a long-time staff member of Maclean's and before that a top newspaperman in Winnipeg. (Manning was news editor of the Tribune before joining us.) His right-hand man is another Maclean's staffer, Peter C. Newman, who is based in Ottawa. Newman, of course, also writes full-length articles for us (such as the one on page 20), but a big part of his job is supplying leads for our special section. We've asked Lew Parker, one of Preview's caricaturists, to give you his impressions of Newman and Manning.

When we launched the yellow pages we did so without much fanfare—so quietly, indeed, that some readers missed them entirely and others thought they were advertisements. Some objected pretty strenuously to the yellow paper and you may have noticed that we've toned this color down considerably. But we still keep it so that the entire section will maintain a distinctive character.

The general reaction? Pretty good, we're happy to report. In fact, if surveys are to be believed, these pages are the best read in Maclean's. We hope in the weeks to come that they'll improve; at least that is our aim.



Anchor man: Herbert Manning sifts reports from 100 correspondents.

our Editorials. But because the new section goes to press much later than the rest of the magazine, we've been able to make these long-standing features more topical.

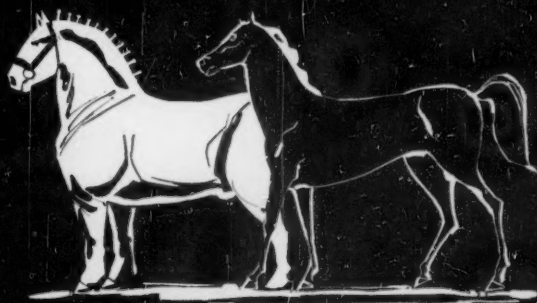
The other two pages, Preview and Backstage, represent some six thousand words of information—a bit more than is covered in the average Maclean's article. These are culled and condensed from between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand words of research which is provided by about one hundred persons every issue. We usually manage to squeeze about nineteen separate stories into our yellow pages, but at least a hundred others are rejected at one stage or another as unsuitable or of not sufficient interest to our readers.

We draw heavily on our permanent staff, of course, for exclusive Preview items, but in addition we have a chain of thirty-eight corre-

Righthand man: Peter Newman reports from the nation's capital.



Horse of another color?



There's a great difference in Vermouths, too!

In vermouths, the mark of the thoroughbred is the Martini label—signifying subtleties of flavor and aroma found in no other vermouths in the world.

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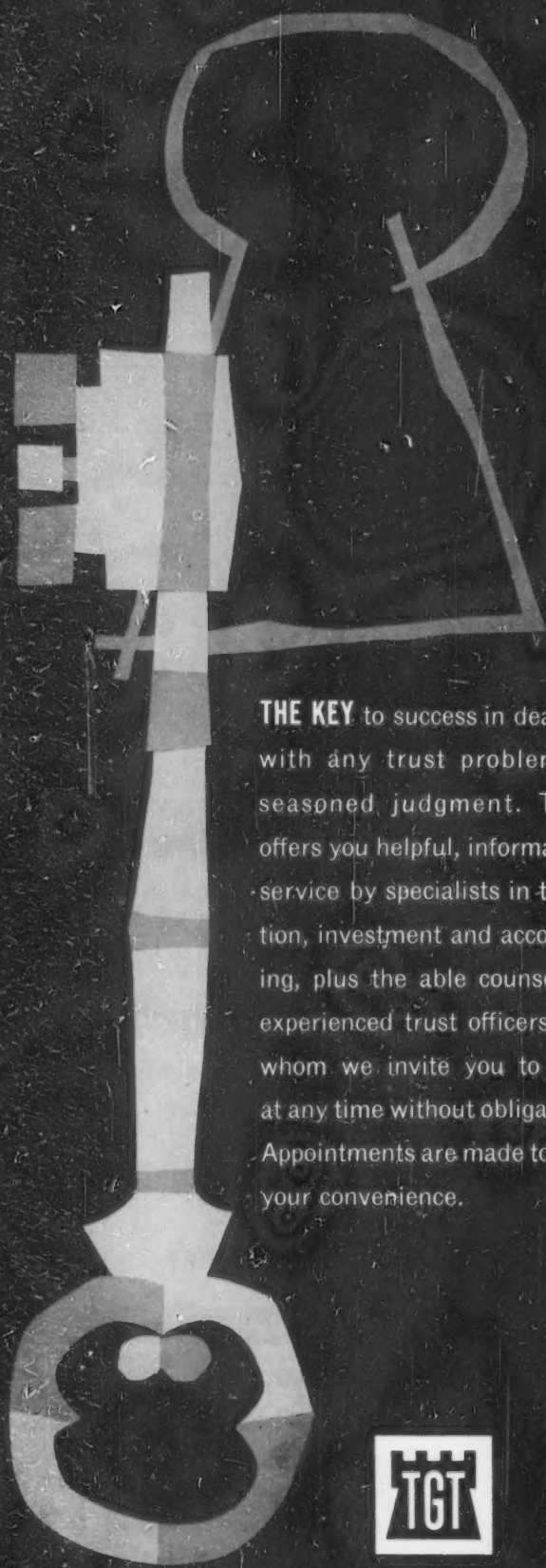
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Toronto Montreal Ottawa Windsor
Winnipeg Regina Saskatoon Calgary
Edmonton Vancouver

Parade

Young man going East

We always knew Ontario was full of prairie people but we didn't realize why until a churchgoing spy in Edmonton reported on a recent Sunday service there. In the audience was a seven-year-old attending his first service, and listening wide-eyed to the minister's rip-roaring attack on sin. As the reverend reached his sermon's climax he wagged a force-

—what we need is an angel from heaven!"

All five women froze to the spot when a cheery voice from above cried "Be down in a minute, lady!" and down the nearest telephone pole climbed an obliging lineman.

* * *

Any lessening of amicable relations between Canada and the United States has been entirely overcome in the mind of a Fort William, Ont., man, who remains happy if baffled by a parcel recently received from Minneapolis. It contained the wallet he lost right in Fort William nine years ago, and the wallet still held the identical denominations of bills totaling the seventy dollars that was in it when lost, not to mention his 1949 driver's license, unemployment-insurance card, and so on. The parcel had been cleared through customs but bore no trace of its origin except the Minneapolis postmark.

* * *

Big-city conveniences aren't the only kind. There's a family in Carbonear, Newfoundland, that owns a hen that clucks to be admitted to the house each morning, jumps up, waits for the baby to be lifted from his cot, then settles down and lays a fresh breakfast egg for the master.

* * *

Man cannot live by bread alone and there's an oldster in Vancouver who's ready to pay to enjoy some of the other satisfactions in life. His help-wanted ad in the Province ran like this: "Respectable adult to listen to alert old gentleman



ful finger at his congregation and declared, "There are only two roads to take in life—which way are you going to go?" At which the completely terrified youngster lunged to his feet and shouted back, "East!"

* * *

We decided automation has already gone too far when we read an ad in the Halifax Chronicle-Herald for a "Female accounting machine." Just when we get the machines doing all the work they'll be wanting time off to get married.

* * *

A Winnipeg woman just had her kitchen entirely remodeled with all the latest equipment and the freshest colors. It gave her the same sense of rejuvenation some women get from a new hat, and her small son stood by proudly as she gave a neighbor a conducted tour. As she finished explaining all the wonders the son exclaimed, "Gee, mom—everything new here, except you!"

* * *

The west coast's big celebration this year is certainly going to take in everybody in the whole province. Along the Trans-Canada Highway near Whalley, B.C., a chicken farm has hung up a new sign proudly announcing it is celebrating its hentennial.

* * *

A carful of women had an enjoyable afternoon's drive in the country outside Montreal when a flat tire spoiled everything. "Oh dear, I've never changed a flat in my life," exclaimed the driver in embarrassment as she fumblingly got out the tools. "Not a man in sight, of course



reminisce two afternoons a month and an occasional evening. Bus fare and 50 cents an hour. Dinner if desired . . ."

* * *

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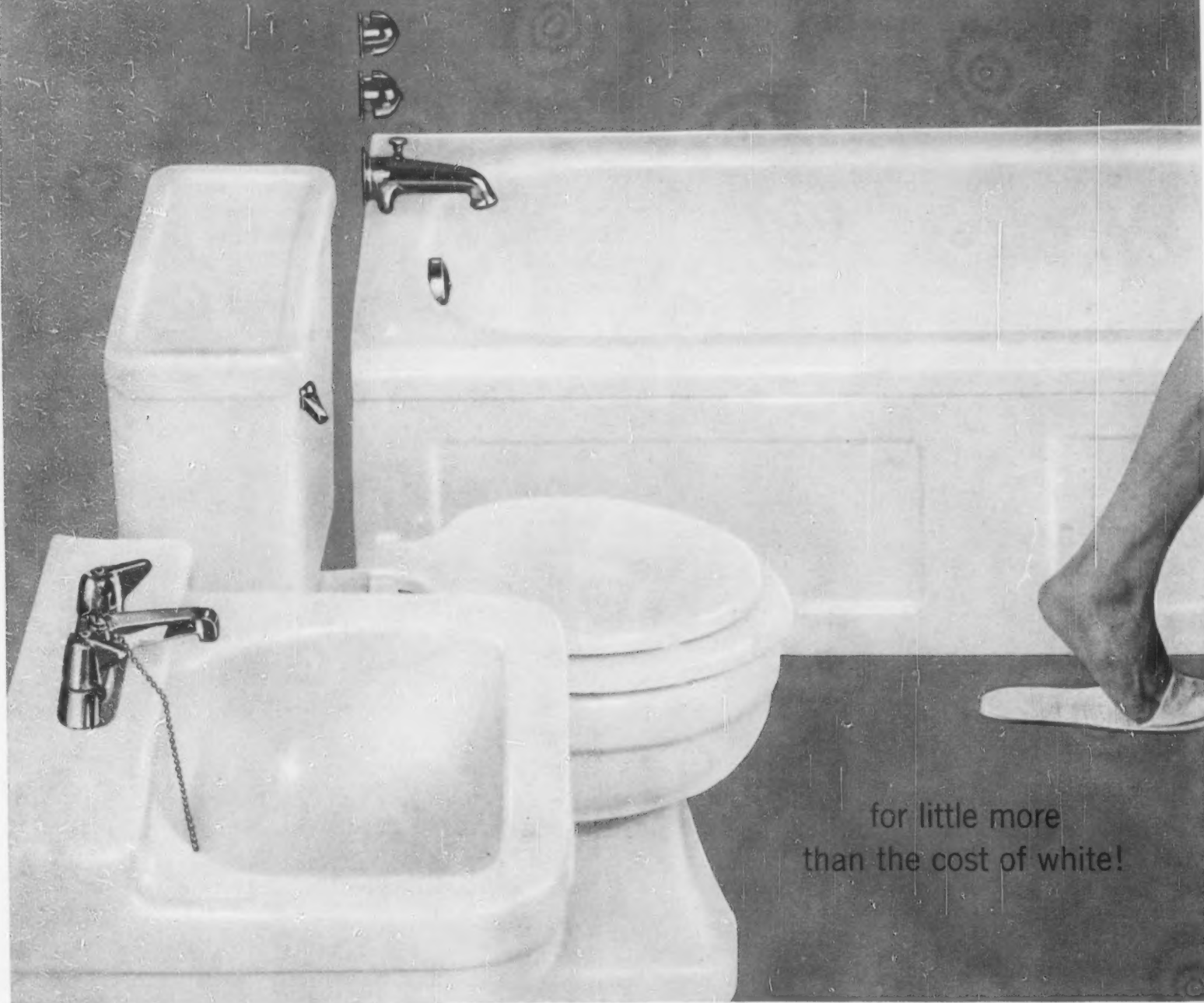
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